

Catholic Digest

MEN AND WOMEN IN GOD'S WORLD

25¢



First picture of a Carmelite convent bride. Page 64A

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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King-Doctor of Ulithi

By MARSHALL PAUL WEES, as told to
FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

Condensed from the book*

I REMEMBER the day I got my orders—Dec. 29—because it was my birthday. Trudging up the path to the hut that housed our mailboxes, I felt tired and homesick, the way you do on your birthday when you're thousands of miles from home—when the food is monotonous and your hours are long, and your nerves are still jittery from the bloody struggle for Peleliu.

Only one thin letter for Wees, and Official at that. I tore it open with mingled disgust and apprehension; contact with brass always made

me uncomfortable. I scanned it quickly: "You will proceed without delay..." Fassera? Where on earth was that? Oh, yes, now I remembered—an island in the atoll of Ulithi. Well, this was a real birthday present after all! I was to work with the natives, my assignment being to cure or control an epidemic

of yaws among the aborigines. Chief Pharmacist's Mate Francis Wilson would come with me. Yaws. I could recall only a few scattered mentions of the disease in my medical-school texts, and those mostly confined to footnotes and appen-



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dices: a little-known affliction in the Western World and consequently little studied, though I could remember long lists of jawbreaking German authorities. Well, no point borrowing trouble; I'd find out about them soon enough, and not from any text this time.

The description I'd heard of Uli-thi kept running through my mind as I rode the last mile into the island in a battered LCT. Catholic savages living on the rim of an extinct volcano, an unspoiled, simple people with a wise old king—and yaws, yaws, and more yaws. Willie and I had a man's job ahead of us, that was sure. Watching the blue-green wake behind the boat, flecked with patterns of foam, I felt my enthusiasm growing white hot in me. And I thought affectionately of my country which, in the middle of a total war, could spare me, or any other able-bodied man, for weeks, months perhaps, to care for a simple people.

King Ueg granted me an audience next day and made a speech. His voice was clear and low-pitched; the Kanaka phrases on his lips were distinct and charming. Obviously, I was being welcomed. To be sure I knew nothing of the Kanaka language, but the king supplemented his words with expressive gestures and concluded with one which unmistakably placed Uli-thi and its people at my feet. His councilors nodded grave approval.

Of course I was wonderfully encouraged by all this. I sat there with

WHAT happened to Dr. Marshall P. Wees on the Ulithian atoll of Fasserai is one of the extraordinary true stories of the 2nd World War. After leaving the Navy, and entering private practice in San Diego, Dr. Wees had the good fortune to attend Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton, former associate editor of the CATHOLIC DIGEST and prominent Catholic poet. He gave Father Thornton his logbook and papers to read. The result was this story, stranger than fiction and far more splendid.

a silly grin on my face, murmuring over and over, "Thank you, O King, thank you!" in the best ceremonial style. But how in the world was I to indicate just what I desired of them in order to carry out the work I wanted to do?

I got to my feet and gave an imitation of a man going about the island looking at everything. They seemed to follow this; at least I heard no boos from the gallery. Next I simulated bringing the sick to the surgery. I dramatized this with ghoulish groans and the indication of sores on my own body. I acted out the insertion of the needle and the glow of returning health. My audience appeared to be fascinated, and I felt that under the circumstances a Barrymore might have done no better.

When I had finished my act, the

king gave a command and a young giant of a man came forward. "Hatae," the king said, introducing him to me. I grasped a mighty hand and looked into a pair of keen, intelligent eyes. After much pantomime and garbled pidgin English I finally gathered that Hatae had been an interpreter for the Japanese. Eureka! This solved my problem completely. I had an old Japanese-English dictionary in my gear; I could point out the English terms for anything I wanted done or needed and Hatae would be able to follow me completely. More or less—I hoped. And he in turn could teach me enough Kanaka to make myself understood.

Now I was prepared to begin my scouting trip through the village; but before I could take my leave, the king made another regal gesture which conjured up four young Uli-thians: Jesus, Edwardo, Elvira, and Petra. The boys seemed to be about 16 years old, the girls a year or two younger. All four were fine physical specimens. The king, by gestures, indicated they were my "family," and he admonished them gravely, at some length, concerning their duties toward me.

I was overwhelmed. In one day I had acquired an interpreter and a family of four full-grown children. My problems were evaporating like wraiths of fog.

I shook the king's hand with fervent gratitude and left the royal presence followed by my little brood.

That night Willie listened to my running fire of comments and bent frowningly over my notes, which he complained were as undecipherable as Chinese characters. Later on, Hatae and I got into a huddle over the Japanese-English dictionary. I wanted all the sick to be at the dispensary the next morning at ten o'clock. I also wanted working parties organized for collecting and burning the refuse on the island. I wanted men to handle the sprays for the flies and mosquitoes, and I wanted an anti-rat campaign begun.

If you think I had an easy time explaining all this in detail to Hatae, you don't know how hard it is for two people to communicate without a common bridge of language symbols. I pointed at words in the English-Japanese dictionary and acted them out until I was in a complete lather.

Willie and I sat up late discussing ways and means. Weighing the risks carefully, we decided to proceed cautiously with our medication until by actual experience we should be able to judge the correct size of the dosage which would have the best effect. Penicillin was still scarce in our theater of war. I wanted very much to use it, but I had been unable to pry loose more than a small quantity from medical stores. Our standby was to be Mapharsen, one trade variety of Dr. Ehrlich's magic bullet. We would start off with five milligrams for the children and ten for adults. These amounts could be

increased if we detected no adverse effects from our first injections.

Next morning Willie and I were in the sick bay busy with our preparations for the day's work. The tent really looked quite professional in a shantytown sort of way. We had made a dressing table, shelves, and chairs from bits of packing boxes and leftovers from our plywood floors. Above us in orderly rows were lines of bottles and medical supplies—everything from fly paper to Mapharsen. We smelled quite professional, at least.

I could hear Petra and Elvira chattering and laughing as they worked in the kitchen. Jesus and Eddie were busy staking out the winding coral paths. Except for these signs of activity our glade was deserted. Shafts of sunlight shot through the palm branches to the scarlet and pink flowers below. The wind barely stirred.

My watch said almost ten. Would my patients arrive as planned? I couldn't help feeling nervous, and I think that Willie was worried too.

All at once the silence of our park was shattered with a babble of voices. Here they came, right on time. Hatae was shepherding them along, and I winked at him. He beamed back.

Some of our patients hobbled along by themselves; others were supported by friends. A few were carried on improvised stretchers. A curious crowd followed the patients, old men and women and a handful

of children anxious to watch the white doctor work his magic. They were more mannerly than many similar gatherings of the curious I had seen back home. They simply squatted at the edge of the clearing, chewing betel nut and talking in low tones.

Eddie and Jesus dropped their work and came into the sick bay to assist with the proceedings. They had taken a hint from watching me, and their faces and hands were scrubbed and clean. Jesus had put on his best striped breechclout and a silver earring of intricate design dangled from his left ear. His face was grave. Eddie wore his usual ingratiating smile. Both of them watched with devouring interest while Willie diluted the Mapharsen with distilled water.

We had prepared a temporary sterilizer outside for the needles and our instruments. I suppose they must have looked rather fearsome to the gaping Ulithians. I had felt timid and doubtful of them in my first moments on Fasseraï. Now what must they be thinking of me, with my strange implements of torture, my caldron, and my fire?

Whatever doubts were in their minds, they showed neither fear nor emotion. Their faces expressed a childlike repose. Their eyes fastened on me with a trust which I found most affecting.

The child Clara was my first patient. She was a pretty 12-year-old with a tranquil smile and firm

young breasts. At Hatae's suggestion, she walked out into the morning light so that I could better examine her sores. She had an ugly lesion at the base of her neck, one under each arm, and one in the crook of her leg behind each knee. It was pitiful to see her walking. She moved stiffly, her arms held straight down along her sides. I thought of all the youngsters of her age I knew at home, running and playing in the parks and playgrounds. She must be cured! Her lustrous eyes met mine with trust and hope; a glance which fired me with determination to free her from her misery if it was humanly possible to do so. We lifted her gently onto the table and got her comfortably settled. First we took smears from her largest lesions, then swabbed her left arm with iodine. The hypodermic was loaded with its five-milligram dose of Mapharsen. I punctured the vein with all the gentleness I could manage. Clara did not flinch. In a second the shot was completed. I withdrew the long needle and carefully lifted the little girl from the table and watched her walk stiffly toward the door. The first shot had passed without incident.

Hatae was as helpful as ever. With the emergence of each patient from the sick bay, he instructed them or their parents that they must rest for a while. If any unusual results were observed, they were to call the white doctor at once.

I was particularly anxious on this

point, because the entire success of my treatment hinged on it. Arsenicals can be tricky. Sometimes their effect on the heart is sufficiently alarming to undermine ultimate confidence in the possibility of a cure. These simple people were unused to drugs. How could I foresee what the effect of treatment would be? If my dosage resulted in a disagreeable reaction, would I be able to proceed to the point where the results would outweigh the discomforts and risks involved?

You may think I was needlessly concerned, but put yourself in my place. Willie and I were alone on this island with a people we did not know or understand. Suppose any of them were to die. However good our intentions were, might we not be in danger from the aroused emotions of the bereaved families? Over and above such basic considerations, would not a few failures at the outset endanger the work we desired to do?

There were other good reasons for my apprehension. People are reluctant to accept new things which they find hard to understand. We whites look upon ourselves as progressive and enlightened, but in the early days of modern medicine we had rioted and rebelled against inoculation for smallpox and other diseases. There were still crackpots among us who continued to write violent pamphlets against the whole system of inoculation. Why should I expect more of the Ulithians?

These things went flitting through my mind as I watched the people outside examining Clara. Perhaps they expected a magic cure with immediate results. Hatae was on the spot; I could see him shooing the crowd away from the little girl.

I had little time for further speculation, though, for the inert but massive form of Eorthow on the treatment table now demanded my attention. He held out his brawny arm to me and smiled hugely. That encouraged me. And perhaps Eorthow sensed that I needed encouragement far more than he did. His smile was my shot in the arm for the morning.

Limarsepa, too, took her first shot well. She, like Eorthow, seemed convinced there was little to be lost and much to be gained by submitting to the treatment, however strange or dangerous it might seem.

The remainder of the morning disappeared with incredible rapidity. Hatae, with the assistance of Eddie and Jesus, kept the ball rolling with an off-again, on-again, gone-again efficiency. The waiting line melted, and Willie and I smiled and smiled and sweated and sweated.

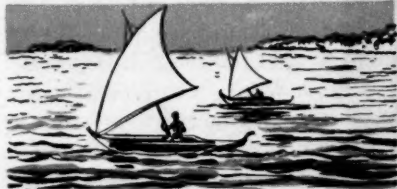
THAT night I heard subdued noises in the clearing behind us. I peered into the shadows. A small party of Ulithians were hurrying through the palms toward our tent. They seemed to be carrying something. My heart did a triple somersault. What now? Had one of my chil-

dren died from the effects of the treatment today? Clara? Roseavina? My pulse matched for a moment the whirring rhythm of the generator under the tarpaulin outside.

With a shout for Willie, I rushed into the sick bay, snapped on the light, and waited. Several Ulithians crowded into the room and stood there silently. The focus of attention was a young couple. The woman carried in her arms an infant swathed in fine banana-fiber cloths. With the removal of the wrappings, I saw the body of a naked child about ten months old. The little thing squirmed and whimpered. Its eyes were closed, and its skin felt fevered under the light touch of my searching fingers.

I examined the baby, but there was nothing I could do. He was dying. There was no remedy left more potent than prayer. "*Ecclesia. Ecclesia,*" I suggested several times.

The little group rose to their feet. Joined by a band of villagers who had been silently peering through the screens of the sick bay, they wound in procession toward the church. Already a rhythm was on their lips: several deep male voices led and were answered in Kanaka



by the others. I did not know it, but they were reciting the Rosary for the sick child. Over and over the sound was reiterated, growing in volume until the whole night seemed alive with the chorus of voices. Willie and I looked at each other over the dressing table.

I busied myself about the room straightening boxes and bottles, washing my hands carefully, dashing off my daily letter to my wife. Anything to keep my mind occupied, for I felt in my bones that the sick child would be brought back to the surgery. At about 11 o'clock I heard the party returning, that rising and falling rhythm of prayer preceding them. Standing at the door of the sick bay, I watched the people coming toward me through the dapples of light and shadow. Now the king had joined them in his little rubber-tired cart. It was his resonant voice which announced the opening of the prayer. With one voice the men and women of both villages took up the answer—a superb surge of sound.

At the door of the sick bay only the family of the child came forward. Juan's older sister held him motionless in the crook of her arm. The mother and father stood hand in hand, watching, hoping — as mothers and fathers have stood since time immemorial.

Little Juan seemed already dead. I took his slight body from the arms of his sister and placed it on the table. The heart gave no sign of life.

I was prepared for that. I made up a shot of adrenalin and with the long needle sent it home to the tiny heart. For a moment he stirred. A faint feather of pulse could be felt in the wrist. It wavered, fluttered . . . and failed. Again I tried the adrenalin. This time there was no response.

Hatae, who had joined Willie and me at the side of the table, looked from the quiet form of the baby to my grave face. "*Samiss?*" he asked. I nodded. "*Samiss . . . samiss.*" I could hear the word whispered from person to person—the sister, the father and mother, out through the door to the praying crowd.

Without warning, the chorus of prayer halted and a keening cry broke from the lips of every Ulithian. I can't describe it accurately. It was a banshee wail starting low and working to a bloodcurdling crescendo, then trailing off to an eerie whisper. My scalp crawled with the impact and force of that shout—a cry of sorrow so intense it seemed to be torn from the heart and bowels of the whole people. In their spiritual oneness, death had not merely touched one family, it had stricken them all.

I shall never forget that night. Led by the king and myself, the entire population took the dead baby in procession back to the church. The moon had set, and the tropical night held the island under a thick velvet pall. The only reality seemed to be that repeated, searing cry, starting with a whisper, growing to a

sharper and sharper intensity, then dying again. It was at once a protest against death and a magnificent description of the brevity of life born in a whisper and returning to that insignificance. With my right hand I clutched the wooden sides of the king's cart. My blood curdled each time that wail throbbed on the air.

We went to the church in the early morning for the funeral. The sky arched above us, primrose yellow and peach along the precise line of the eastern horizon.

We stood at the door of the church and looked in. Fresh candles had been lighted, and the altar was almost buried under an avalanche of flowers—soft drifts of pinks and yellows out of which came shrilling notes of coral red like a blare of horns.

Juan's tiny wooden coffin, laid before the altar, had been fairly smothered with the choicest blossoms, high drifts of white.

Every Ulithian was there, jammed in between the fiber walls. This morning the swanlike fishing boats stood high and dry on the beach; the nets and the spears were food for the spiders in the shadow of the bathouses.

Many prayers were said in a superb chant of varying inflection and intensity. The moment the chant began, the clang of the church bell joined in. It tolled slowly in dissonant counterpoint, like foam of the ground swell of human voices.

When the long prayers were done,

the baby's coffin was carried out and placed in front of the king's cart. He rested one crippled hand upon its coverlet of flowers. The bell was silent now; once more the people resumed the keening cry of the night before.

We emerged from the canopy of palms onto the bleak white coral of the graveyard. The coffin was lifted from the king's cart and laid on the small mound of earth before the open grave.

The people of Ulithi grouped themselves against the green of trees and shrubbery—graceful groups of men and women with flowers in their hair. An artist could not have arranged the scene more effectively.

Slowly the coffin was lowered into the grave. The immobility of the onlookers was broken: they filed past the grave, dropping into it the fragrant leis from their necks, or the flowers plucked from their hair.

Then Juan's mother stepped into the small grave and began to fill it, pushing the earth in with her hands. One last time that terrifying cry broke from the lips of the people. Their faces were raised in the intense light, the muscles of their necks tense and distended. Behind them, the living green trembled in the flashing sunshine. The moan dwindled and died; the funeral was over.

The people would return to their tasks, purged by the tragedy. The fishing would begin, the necessary labor which goes into the complicat-

ed task of keeping the living alive. I too would be a part of this: the treatments for the yaws would proceed at ten o'clock every day. But the family of the dead child would be physically marked for some time, for they would shave their heads in sorrow.

At ten o'clock the same morning of the funeral, my patients were again under the trees before the surgery. Not one was missing, nor could I detect among them any shadow of a postfuneral atmosphere.

Considering their heartfelt grief of the past 12 hours, I half expected to find my patients submerged in the backwash of sorrow.

But there they were, sitting in the coolness of our clearing, chattering away like a flock of monkeys. Little boys and girls in grass skirts plunged in and out of the combers of light and shadow, playing their interminable games. Old men squat-

ted on their heels, placidly chewing betel nut. These were indeed true primitives: a child had died and they had all been moved by that death. But they had expressed their sorrow and had purged themselves of it. Now their intense vitality had already made them close their ranks against the complex business of living.

I boldly increased the amount of Mapharsen I administered to each patient. I also instructed my family to begin the orange-juice and vitamin-pill treatment for the children. In preparation for this event we had cut the tops from our empty beer cans to make individual drinking cups.

Elvira and Petra bustled about diluting the canned orange juice; Jesus and Eddie helped them parcel out the pills and the drinks. The Ulithian youngsters, like all children, were eager for anything new, and lined up for the handout. Then they sat down quietly on the grass to taste their strange brew.

Willie said, "What an ad for Pabst!" It was true. Fifty moppets were all pulling away on what looked like cans of beer. Wouldn't that have thrown the WCTU into a tailspin?

The older children seemed to enjoy the new experience. Some of the younger ones, however, made wry faces and spat the juice into the grass when their elders were not looking. Some of them had to be chased down by their fathers and



mothers and then forced to swallow the liquid. It was evidently a change for those who had been brought up on nothing more bitter than coconut milk.

If the orange-juice treatment was not an immediate success, the swings were a bombshell sensation. Willie, true to form, had "liberated" several lengths of stout rope. Under our direction the Ulithian carpenters had hacked out a strong log with their axes. This was laced up firmly between two soaring palms, and the ropes and seats were attached with much testing. All the roving elements of Ulithi were there to watch the crazy Americans. King Ueg sat on the sidelines in his chariot, nodding and smiling whenever we looked at him.

When Willie and I tried out the finished product, there was a roar of delighted laughter from the crowd. The children simply swarmed forward to imitate us. Delighted parents crowded about, their faces lit with pleasure.

Day or night, the swings were seldom idle. Often in the hot nights, when the youngsters were all safely stowed away in bed, I still heard the swings creaking. Looking out through the tent flaps, I could see the older Ulithians swinging away like mad. If we'd done nothing but bring swings to Ulithi, I think our social success would have been assured.

FATHER NORTON usually said early

Mass on Fasserai on Wednesday mornings. His duties with the troops kept him busy over the week ends. Barring acts of God, he would show up on our island every Tuesday night, immaculate and unruffled. How he managed it I shall never know. Quiet confidence radiated from him. He was what ideally every chaplain should be—a man's man.

The Ulithians loved him. On Tuesday afternoons they would haunt the beaches, waiting for his boat to come in from Asor. The moment it appeared, a gray-black pinpoint in the distance, the children would dance and shout with excitement.

The padre had scarcely landed before he was smothered with greetings and flowers and buried knee-deep in children. He would instruct the youngsters for hours. When he had finished instructions, he went through the villages for a visit with King Ueg and the elders. And wherever he went, Father Norton was like a kite with a tail of children. Next he visited the sick; then he heard confessions in the church in the afternoon and evening, stopping in this routine to lead the Rosary with his flock at 5 P.M., an unvarying custom on Ulithi.

After confessions in the evening, Father Norton would sit down for an evening of talk and speculation with Willie and me. He knew Ulithian psychology better than anyone I have ever met. His lucid explana-

tions were of immeasurable help to me in deepening my understanding of the family I had acquired and the patients who came daily to the surgery. Though I was not a Catholic, I always attended Father Norton's Wednesday morning Mass. It was an unforgettable experience. Long before the hour set, the chapel bells would begin to peal. At this summons, all able-bodied Ulithians would head toward the church. They knew that Sunday was the great day for the Mass, a little Easter, but they adapted themselves to the necessary shift to Wednesday with ease.

Most of the people came fasting, since they expected to receive Communion. During the progress of the Mass, every eye was on the altar. Watching their absorption, I learned something of the social character of the Mass. Men, women, and children joined in the prayer chants and songs with enthusiasm and unity. I had in my time attended Mass in great city churches in which superb music added to the solemnity and religious force of the service; but nowhere had I ever felt the depth of devotion and understanding which went into participation in these simple Ulithian services.

The customs of the present-day Ulithians showed how well the teachings of the first Spanish padres had been blended with the ancient traditions of the tribe. The best features of both had long ago been combined to provide the framework

for a way of life peculiarly suited to the Ulithian character. More fertile ground for the growth of healthy physical and spiritual habits would be hard to imagine. The Ulithians by nature avoided excesses of all kinds. Not once in the six months I was on Fasseraï did I see a single instance of violence.

Ulithians share all things. If one fishing party from either of the villages brings in a haul of fish or a clutch of turtle eggs, the produce is divided among all the families of both villages. The little gardens of yams growing near every house are common property. A crop failure in the east village would not affect the east village alone. It would be felt by the whole people. They shared their joys and their sorrows with an admirable solidarity which sprang from their unquestioning belief in Christ's conception of the solidarity of humanity.

I noticed, too, that despite their devotion to the Church, and their strict attendance at both morning and evening prayers every day, they were not religious fanatics. The kind of pietism that so often makes an interloper uncomfortable did not exist. Like everything else that shaped their lives, their faith was a thoroughly spontaneous and unthinking expression of their very beings, as natural and pure as the rains that fell on their green and lovely island.

The pleasures that violated no natural nor Church law they en-

joyed to the hilt. They had no need for intoxicants to release the inhibitions that more complex societies have cultivated and which often stand in the way of having a good time. I never met a group who were, in the best sense of the word, so uninhibited.

All of the Ulithians, despite their abbreviated clothing, are extremely modest. They wouldn't think of undressing before another person, not even of their own sex. They even bathe their private parts under the screen of their brief garments.

To the Ulithians the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit. And sex itself is an expression of the creative power of God. As such, it must never be indulged in in any way that might stain or coarsen that concept.

Marriage, for the Ulithians, is a holy institution and infidelity is virtually unknown. This, too, is part and parcel of their religious training. In everything they do, the physical and the spiritual are bound up one with the other.

The kind of lives they led was reflected in their physical appearance. Other ocean peoples whose culture had degenerated looked it; savagery, pride, debauchery could be read in their eyes and in the set of their jaws. But the Ulithians were by any standards a physically attractive race, smoothly and solidly muscled, erect and clear-eyed. In their prime they were beautiful, and they grew old with dignity and grace. As children they were—and I use the

sentimental word unblushingly—adorable.

In public, the Ulithians, like most primitives, showed nothing of their affection for each other. To do so would have seemed to them unbecoming or, to use a more highfalutin word, exhibitionistic. But one sensed the deep understanding between husbands and wives.

Let me tell you about Fauchera. She and Urachug, her husband, had been married a day or two before the Japanese evacuated Ulithi; Urachug was one of the men who had been forcibly carried off to Yap. He had been unable to escape, and Fauchera had no idea whether he was dead or alive.

Every evening since my arrival on Fasserai I had noticed her standing alone on a lip of land that jutted out beyond the rest of the shore line, staring fixedly over the waters in the direction of Yap. There she stood, silhouetted against the miraculous sunset, telling her Rosary. After a time she would slowly return to her hut, where she again took up her usual tasks as one more working member of the community, a part of the whole. Only for those few moments at twilight did she withdraw into herself and become, to my mind at least, a living symbol of hope and devotion, loyalty and heartbreaking patience. Sometimes as I watched her, unobserved and at a distance, the bright light of the setting sun would get in my eyes, and I would have to blink. . . .

At the end of our first month on Fasserai, Willie and I took stock and had, we thought, reason for self-congratulation. We had made inroads on most of the problems that had plagued the natives before our coming. With yaws, rats, and mosquitoes, through better sanitation and swings, we had, as the English say, coped.

Then one day, Hatae came into the surgery. His eyes were sparkling but his face was grave.

"King want to see you," he stated.

"O.K. I'll come after the shots this morning."

Hatae shook his head. "No later! Now!" His eyes still danced but his jaw was stubborn.

"Your past has caught up with you," said Willie. "I'd better go along in case you need a character witness. My fees are reasonable."

The whole business was certainly mysterious. The king had never before summoned me so peremptorily. Had someone died, or was I being held responsible for something that had happened that I didn't know about?

Walking down the coral road to the king's long house, I did my best to pry information out of Hatae. I got absolutely nowhere with him.

That Ulithians were not above practical jokes I knew from experience. Was Hatae giving me a run-around? I glanced sharply at Willie to see if he was in on the joke, but from the look on his face I was sure he was as much in the dark as I.

The entire population of Ulithi was gathered before the high gable of King Ueg's palace. I saw everyone I knew, with the exception of my own family. The people were silent, but their faces betrayed a kind of expectant excitement.

We ducked under the thatch and stood erect in the king's house. King Ueg wore a crown of blossoms. Behind him his council looked like a bank of flowers and curled palm fiber. Domingo was especially striking. Standing near the king were the members of my family. The two girls seemed breathless, Eddie looked smug, and Jesus wore his habitual expression of seriousness and both of his most resplendent silver earrings.

The king motioned me to a mat by his side. Hatae and Willie squatted near me.

King Ueg made no speech of welcome this time, such as he had made on my first appearance. His dark eyes looked into mine with piercing directness. He spoke a brief sentence in Kanaka. I thought I heard what he said, but I must have been mistaken. My slight knowledge of Kanaka gleaned from the hours spent with Hatae was probably at fault. I looked toward Hatae with a confused glance.

"He say, you king now," Hatae interpreted quickly. I had heard the king correctly!

I was stunned. I loved these people; I had never met their like anywhere on earth. Their simplicity

and integrity had endeared them to me with each passing day. Now King Ueg proposed to step down from his position in my favor. It was as simple as that. It was the most overwhelming compliment I had ever been paid. My eyes misted.

My thank-you had to squeeze past a lump in my throat big as an apple: "*Sa-ga-chic-chic.*" I looked at Hatae helplessly. "Tell the king I am grateful, but that it's simply impossible." Hatae relayed this on. But the king shook his head and spoke forcibly, leaning slightly forward.

Hatae translated his words. "King say you wiser man. You king now. We build you a long house." His sinewy hands spread in a sweeping gesture. "*Tamul! You king. Tamul!*"

I patiently explained that I could stay on Ulithi only as long as my superiors permitted me. I couldn't remain with them forever. King Ueg was the wisest man I had ever known. He was fit to be king; I wasn't. I had neither the time, the ability, nor the patience for the job. The king pondered this information and like Solomon came up with an ideal solution.

"You and King Ueg both be kings," Hatae translated. "We build long house for both kings." The king waited for my consent to this proposition.

What could I say? To refuse the honor would be an insult to the simple magnificence of their gesture.

Again I trotted out my inadequate phrase, "*Sa-ga-chic-chic.*" I repeated it with real emotion, and I could tell they were all pleased to see how moved I was.

There was a soft burst of applause from my family. I couldn't see them behind me, but I knew my children were smiling like Cheshire cats.

The king extended his hand to me. I could feel Hatae's firm clasp on my shoulder. Willie winked at me and smiled with a mixture of pride, affection, and amusement.

"Congratulations, Your Majesty," he said, bowing gravely from the waist.

Still dazed and more touched than I could say, I came out into the dazzling sunshine. The assembled Ulithians greeted me with shouts and applause and started to sing a chant which was probably their hymn to the king. The women pressed close about me, hung leis about my neck, and swathed my head with crowns of flowers. Some of them ran ahead to their houses; and as I passed to the tents followed by my simple court, they saluted me stiffly, though their faces were anything but stiff. "*Tamul! Tamul!*" they cried.

I might have felt a little foolish had I not felt more like crying. After all, I had done no more than any good doctor would be expected to do; yet I had been honored for simply doing my duty with a reward that left me speechless.

When we reached the tents, Wil-

lie observed, "Well, I guess that makes me prime minister."

That afternoon we had a banquet. It was interrupted by the arrival of the mail boat.

"By the way, I have a cargo for you," the skipper told me.

"A cargo?"

"Yeah. Some Ulithian who escaped from Yap. He says his home's here on Fasserai."

"What's his name?"

"Something chug. I don't savvy him so well."

"You don't mean Urachug!"

"Yeah, that's the one."

I thought of Fauchera standing night after night on the small tongue of land looking over the sea toward Yap.

"I'll run over to the church and see if I can locate Fauchera," Willie shouted, taking off at high port.

With the help of Eddie and Jesus, who were literally shaking with excitement, we managed to get Urachug off the LCT. He was on a canvas stretcher. There wasn't much to him. He was a bundle of bones over which the skin hung in flabby folds. His face and arms were burned a deep bronze but beneath this a milky pallor shone.

"Take him to the surgery," I told the boys. I wanted to give him a thorough examination. At first glance it looked as though Urachug was on the verge of starvation.

By the time we reached the tents, Fauchera came running through the trees like a startled hare. Practically

every woman in the islands was hard at her heels.

Seeing our burden, Fauchera gave a stifled little cry. She rushed to the stretcher and caught one of Urachug's bony hands between her palms. That was all, but her face was radiant.

After my examination, Urachug told his story. He had managed to steal a canoe on Yap and had set off alone on a moonless night for Ulithi. Then for 14 days he had drifted. His only food had been a few slices of dried fish. He had caught a little water in rain squalls. He had lived in a perpetual dread of sharks and was delirious when picked up by one of our scouting ships after first being sighted by a plane.

I was able to assure Fauchera that he would soon be well. Food and care were all he needed. I thought of keeping him bedded down in the surgery for a few days, but I realized what a disappointment this would be to Fauchera. And after all, she was the best possible tonic Urachug could have.

With a few borrowed blankets and King Ueg's own mattress, we settled Urachug in his modest home. All Ulithi assisted in the transfer. The women clucked, the men pressed forward to clasp the invalid's hand or shoulder.

My rule had begun under circumstances that couldn't possibly have been more auspicious.

My new role of co-king of Ulithi

brought me many unexpected responsibilities. Every islander now felt free to consult me about his dilemmas. As king, I was his father and I was confronted with everything from cut fingers to fishing problems, of which I knew nothing.

But it couldn't last forever.

Everything was working out almost too well. My sick parades had shrunk to a thin brown line of cut fingers, headaches, and such-like small afflictions. Our sports program and financial setup had been nicely integrated into the daily lives of the people. The island was clean as an English park.

I was certain that my very successes would shorten my reign. I had prepared my mind for that. After all, I had been sent to the island for six weeks. These had lengthened out to six months; in that time Willie and I had accomplished much more than we had been intended to do or than we had, at first, thought possible ourselves.

One morning the official word came. I was to "prepare to abandon camp" as soon as possible. The words looked so cold when compared with the reality. Never again in this world, I was sure, would I find a group of men and women so sound in their sense of values, so serene and secure in their way of life. I knew that a part of me would remain here in Ulithi.

Hatae soon spread the word around in the villages, "*Tamul* must return to his people."

"How soon?"

"One week maybe."

Suddenly the sick parade was endless. Everyone had something wrong with him. I looked into eyes and throats; I took temperatures. It was nothing more serious than an epidemic of melancholy.

Moist brown eyes regarded Willie and me with an intensity I found hard to bear; little gifts began to stack up on our surgery shelves: quaint carvings of men and birds, stone adzes such as their fathers had used long ago, brightly colored cloths, and intricately carved ships with woven sails.

It was a damp morning, though the sun shone outside. Father Norton had quietly preceded me to the ship, sensing that I would want to be alone this last hour. From the shore he sent word that he was ready to go aboard. "You'd better start now," he advised. "I'll get the skipper to wait for you."

Our grove was dotted with waiting children, little moppets in grass skirts and tiny G-strings and babies in the raw. They lined up outside my door to say goodbye. I snapped the padlock and put the keys in my pocket and Willie corralled Edwardo and Jesus. The three of them took off for the beach, loaded down with gifts and flowers.

The children had seen guests on the island saying good-by to me and they tried this morning to shake hands with me in the American

style. Some of the older ones had memorized little phrases in English: "Tha yoe" (Thank you); "Co ba" (Come back). My two favorites, Anastasia and Santos, couldn't say anything. Their tears, however, spoke for them. Some of the children said good-by two or three times, popping back into the end of the line. I shook hands gravely with them all several times, and when this ceremony was over the children fell in behind me for my visit to the west village.

At the edge of the clearing I looked back at our tents drowsing in patterns of light and shadow. It had been home indeed. With my train of children I came into the village of King Ueg. The people were all waiting for me, standing before their little houses. They hung garlands of flowers about my neck. Ricardo and Fulomena, old Euch and Leam, all my friends were there. They saluted, shook hands, and then rubbed their noses on the back of my hand as a special mark of their affection. Some of them, like their children, had painfully memorized an English phrase or two.

"Come back! Thank you, Doctor! God bless you!" They wept unashamedly. I was glad of my sunglasses.

Flanked by Hatae and Petra, I went into the king's long house. King Ueg sat on his mattress. His dark eyes were lustrous and brooding.

"Thank the doctor for me," he informed Hatae in Kanaka. "Beg him

please to make a deal with his king and come back here to live with us."

Then Ueg presented me with one of his G-strings woven with the royal cipher which only a king might wear.

Outside the king's house I walked through a new barrage of tears and flowers from the people of the east village who had come down to join in the farewells.

The entire population of Fassera and Lotho had lined up on the beach. The visitors' boat waited for me in the slight surf, its decks strewn with curious whites.

The ship's ramp was down and I might easily have waded out to it or been carried. But the boys had prepared things otherwise. An outrigger manned by Eddie and Jesus awaited me at the ragged edges of the yellow foam. They wore no flowers this morning.

I gave a last hard pressure to the clinging hands of Petra and Hatae. Ramagul carried me to the delicate canoe and set me down carefully without speaking, his face averted from me.

The paddles shoved the light craft out into the first gentle waves. On shore the people raised their arms and heads in the sunlight. Suddenly there came that swelling death lament which I had first heard the night little Juan died. It trembled on the air again and again. My spine tingled; my tears fell. More than ever I knew these were my people and I was leaving them.

*The wall between Church and state should not
be a separation of parent and child*

Church and State, Parent and Child

By MILTON LOMASK

FEB. 3, 1943, a German sub sank the American troop ship *S.S. Dorchester*. The disaster is commemorated by a postage stamp bearing the portraits of four young chaplains: a Methodist, a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi, and a Baptist. When the four came on deck after the torpedo struck, they found some soldiers without lifebelts. They gave them theirs. Then the four chaplains joined hands, stood close together, said their prayers, and went down with the ship.

Though they died religiously and patriotically they did not (to pursue the logic of the U. S. Supreme Court) die constitutionally. Two summers ago the *Journal of the American Bar Association* called the incident to the attention of the court. It rebuked the court's decision in the case of the atheist, Mrs. McCollum, versus the school board of Champaign, Ill. The *Journal* pointed out that the McCollum decision questioned the constitutionality of using tax-supported public schools in the interests of religion. How can the court take this position, asked the *Journal*, when in wartime the

federal government permits thousands of tax-supported chaplains to carry religion to service men and women all over the world? The McCollum decision, concluded the *Journal*, implies that the chaplains who gave their lives for their fellows on the sinking *Dorchester* died unconstitutionally.

The McCollum case is also called the "released time" case. Released time is the name given week-day religious classes set up by the school board and churches of a community with the tacit approval of the public school authorities.

Once a week for an hour or less public school pupils are excused from regular classes to take instruction in doctrines of their family's faith. Only those attend whose parents request it. All others remain at school work or school recreation.

Although two years have passed since the court decided that the use of public property for religious instruction was unconstitutional, the programs go on. To date only 10% of all systems in effect at the time of the decision have been stopped. The National Education association re-

ports that at least half of the 10% ceased, not because of the Supreme Court ruling, but through lack of local interest or other local cause. More than 2 million public school pupils in 3,000 communities in 46 states and one territory still get religious education on released time.

The Supreme Court case was brought by Mrs. Vashti McCollum, wife of a university professor in Champaign, Ill., and mother of three boys. One day her eldest, 4th-grader James Terry, brought her a slip from school. If she wished her boy to take religious instruction, she was to sign, stating her faith: Protestant, Catholic or Jewish.

Mrs. McCollum had no religion. She was baptized Lutheran, brought up Episcopalian, and now calls herself humanist. She says "atheist," as the newspapers headline her, is too flattering. It implies more knowledge of theology than she has. She did not sign her boy's card, but in time scribbled a note which permitted him to enter a Protestant class. Her explanation was that Jim, boy-like, wanted to do as his friends did. Also, she said, "he wanted to see the pretty pictures the Protestant teacher was displaying."

He had to look fast. When he told mother what he was learning, she promptly extracted him.

"It wasn't a course in ethics or morals," she later told the press, "but complete religious indoctrination. The children made posters of the Resurrection and Jim sat and gazed

at this as worshipfully as an altar boy, and it bothered me."

From this horror, Mrs. McCollum fled to law. The courts paid only passing attention to her personal discomforts: her distress at discovering that religion is religion, her boy's embarrassment at being the only pupil in his room not taking religious instruction. The courts took up only Mrs. McCollum's contention that the released-time project was unconstitutional.

When the Illinois judges upheld the local arrangements, Mrs. McCollum appealed. On March 8, 1948, the U. S. Supreme Court handed down the long-awaited decision.

The weight of legal opinion today says this decision has three main points.

1. It did *not* outlaw released time as such. It did place the whole idea in a twilight zone of maybe all right, maybe not.

2. It did outlaw the released time program then operating in Champaign, Ill., because it contended that a tax-supported school system was being used to aid religious groups to spread their faith. Apparently other released-time projects may continue until prohibited by specific court action.

3. Most important of all, the McCollum decision interpreted the first amendment to the federal Constitution in a debatable way. Says one of the attorneys for the released-time program in another state, "The court's view of the Constitution in

this case is contrary to traditional American ideas of religious liberty and the right of parents to control their children's education."

Many Americans may wonder how the Supreme Court could object to the churches and schools of a community getting together in the interest of the local small fry. That sort of thing is as old as the country, as American as corner drugstores.

I recall an instance in my own boyhood. One night the high school in our small farming town burned down. Next day, and for two years thereafter, the students took their classes in the village churches: plane geometry at St. Malachy's, English and Lit at First Methodist, domestic science, manual training and sundry at Dutch Reformed. No one dreamed of suggesting that in holding out a helping hand to the schools, the churches were defying the basic law.

Yet this is precisely what the opponents of released time contend. They say cooperation of Church and school violates the principle of separation of Church and state. They say this principle is clearly set forth in the first amendment to the Constitution. And with this *interpretation* of the 1st amendment the McCollum decision agrees.

The 1st amendment reads, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof...." Obviously these words say nothing about separation. For that, the court

went back to see what the framers of the amendment had in mind. It came up with a phrase which Justice Reed, the only judge to dissent in the McCollum case, calls a mere "figure of speech." This phrase appears in an 1802 letter by Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson saw the amendment as building "a wall of separation" between Church and state.

Common sense suggests that a law should not be interpreted on the basis of one phrase. Actually Jefferson did not mean that in the U. S., avowedly founded on religious principles, the Church and state could never work together. Twenty years after his "separation" letter Jefferson said, in connection with the state school he founded—the University of Virginia—that no man's education is complete without religious instruction.

The Journal of the American Bar Association says that he then recommended that the various denominations should set up theological schools in connection with the university—all at public expense!

Jefferson was not a framer of the 1st amendment. It happens that the McCollum decision marks the second time the Supreme Court has taken its debatable view of the amendment. It took the same position in the so-called Jersey school bus case. That time it quoted James Madison, who *was* a framer. The court, however, cited statements made by Madison in connection with another matter. It ignored his

remarks made during the actual debate on the amendment itself. These remarks are recorded in the Annals of Congress. They show that Madison, no more than Jefferson, had in mind the kind of "separation" the Supreme Court has endorsed.

In Madison's day five of the original 13 states still had "establishments of religion" in the sense that the Anglican church is the establishment of England today. The Annals of Congress show that the 1st amendment merely prohibited the national government from supporting such an establishment.

The establishments of Madison's day were multiple. Each state officially supported two or more churches. Some opponents of released time take this to mean that the 1st amendment prohibits the federal government from helping all churches equally. This, as is said of a labored joke, is "reaching for it."

Certainly Madison and the other founding fathers did not mean the 1st amendment to put the churches eternally on one side of the street, the state on the other. Actually it is absurd to suggest that any social institution which submits to and benefits by the laws of the state is not a cooperating part of it. Apparently opponents of released time don't want the churches to stand within society at all.

Underlying all opposition to released time programs is the fear that they "are entering wedges whereby the churches will take over the

state." In today's world this reads like an attempt to inject comic relief into a serious controversy. It is not the churches who might take over today. It is the state that is fattening and waxing to the point where in Russia, China and elsewhere it has become the total state, a cannibal which swallows all the institutions of freedom. If today the churches are struggling to keep their share in shaping democracy, it is because they see the threat in official acts which, like the McCollum decision, encourage the drift to 100% federal supervision of American life.

Consider this remark, made to the writer by Joseph Lewis, president of the Freethinkers of America: "We opponents of released time," he said, "don't object to parents sending their kids to church after school. But by golly, when the kids are in school, they're in school. That's the law!"

No, it is not. It is a distortion of the law. It says that from opening bell to closing the child is no longer under the control of his parents. He is completely controlled by an agent of the state, the school!

Released time advocates say the child is under his parents' control 24 hours a day, whether he is at home, at church or at school. The McCollum decision alarms them. It might well be "an entering wedge" in a movement to undermine the home as the fundamental unit of civilized society. The naked issue is between state totalitarianism in education and the rights of parents.

*In the publishing field the Catholic book
and the Catholic market are coming of age*

A Boom in the Book Trade

By JOSEPH A. DUFFY

Condensed from *Publishers' Weekly**

BACK in 1923 there was only one Catholic book on the best-seller list. Papini's *Life of Christ* was No. 2. It made second place again in 1924. Tenacious, but alone to the last, it made fifth place in non-fiction in 1925, then retired to the backlist ranks where it is still selling around 1,000 a year.

One other Catholic book of the early 20's made a bid for top circulation in fiction. *Maria Chapdelaine* hit eighth place in 1922, then settled down to a long career not as a best seller but as a modern Catholic classic.

After the 2nd World War a great number of Catholic books hit the top of the lists. I refer to the three Father Merton books: *Seven Storey Mountain*, *Waters of Siloe* and *Seeds of Contemplation*; Oursler's *Greatest Story Ever Told*; Monsignor Sheen's *Peace of Soul*; Father Keller's two books, *You Can Change the World* and *Three Minutes a Day*; *God's Underground* by Father George; two books on the apparition of Fatima, one by a priest, the other by a layman; *Father Flanagan*

of *Boys Town* and a number of other items Catholic both in topic and in authorship, whose sales during the past year make them eligible for honorable mention as revenue producers. The combined sale of these titles in bookstores alone, exclusive of book clubs, is estimated to have been well over a million copies in the single year of 1949.

The rule of thumb adage about the nation turning to things spiritual in time of stress is not enough to account for the overwhelming evidence of a "coming-of-age" among Catholic trade books. First of all, the books had to be written and published in considerably increased numbers to make the showing they do. There are more Catholic titles suitable for trade distribution these days and they are receiving top attention among the more alert general book editors than in previous years. There seems to be a-borning, among general trade publishers, a serious drive to understand and capture this very special field. A search for best sellers is not alone at the bottom of this interest. The secret

seems to have got out that a Catholic book worthy of the name is a born backlist item and a perennial joy to its publisher.

Before Father Merton appeared on the market there had been slowly gathering in the U. S., for nearly 20 years, a sound body of readable Catholic literature. The pioneers were a few publishers who decided to stand or fall by the demand for the best in Catholic books. This group opened the minds and the pocketbooks of a latent market: 26 million Catholic Americans; roughly 20% of the total population.

Up until the beginning of the 30's, a great many Catholic books in English, with an appeal to the intelligent layman, were imported from England. These were of the trade-book backlist variety, and a high percentage came from the vast list of Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Recently, word came that Burns, Oates has, at long last, established an American agency for their entire backlist, now on the way to replacement after complete destruction in the London blitz.

This might be the place to challenge the belief, held even by some Catholics, that Catholics do not read the Bible. Missals contain a high percentage of scriptural excerpts that are read by or to the average Catholic at least once a week. What the trade calls "testaments" are a part of the Bible, obviously. All this Scriptural matter is bought and paid for all over again in homes where a

family Bible is placed upon the shelf. These materials operate as constant reminders that books are great and wonderful things, touched with the spirit of man and his Creator. Here are some figures released for the first time by the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, publishers of the famous Stedman's *My Sunday Missal* and various inexpensive New Testaments and readings from the New Testament. The books sell in editions ranging from 39 cents to \$5.80—most of the sale at the lower price. They are to the Catholic market what reprints are to the general market. Now Father Frey, the present director, has let it be known that over 18 million assorted volumes have been sold since they appeared in 1937, exclusive of vast numbers given away by the government during the war. Add these sales of just one publisher to the outpouring from other sources and one gets a new and healthy respect for the Catholic market's capacity to consume the printed word.

The book-buying and book-owning habit is fostered by the unique Catholic market for 10-cent pamphlets for sale on racks in most churches. The racks keep the printed word before the average churchgoer. The transition to the purchase of a trade book is not a difficult one. Catholic weekly newspapers and periodicals have, by way of the book reviews, helped to bring about the mass movement toward the purchase of books. *The Sign*, *Commonweal*, and

America are among the better review media and carry much weight with the Catholic reading public.

Back in 1933, F. J. Sheed, dean of modern Catholic publishers, wrote a prophetic article for *Publishers' Weekly*. The title was "Philosophy and the Bookseller," its general theme: "Once a man has acquired a taste for reading philosophy, he becomes a perfect customer." The author was, of course, selling Thomistic philosophy, and much of the Sheed & Ward publishing program has reflected that interest. Frank Sheed was evidently right, if we can judge by the avidity with which Catholics have been buying Thomistic philosophy and other trade books since Sheed & Ward started to supply the market in the early 30's. Since then, the demand for the works of St. Thomas has been growing rapidly. Here is a list of books by and about St. Thomas.

Among the Sheed & Ward offerings are WALTER FARRELL: *A Companion to the Summa*. (Sold over 30,000 sets in four volumes at \$16 per set.) JACQUES MARITAIN: *An Introduction to Philosophy*. (After 17 years, still selling 4,000 a year.) G. K. CHESTERTON: *St. Thomas Aquinas*. (One of the best sellers he ever wrote and still selling 1,500 a year.)

On the Bengizer list there is *The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas*. (Complete in three volumes at \$48. This is one of the monumental works of all time. No figures available but reported by retail-

ers to be doing exceedingly well since recent publication.)

On the Random House list *The Basic Writings of St. Thomas Aquinas*. (Two volumes \$10. Had a large sale in year of publication, 1945, and now averages about 7,000 sets per year.)

The Bruce Publishing Co. of Milwaukee has been well up front with the publication of good Catholic trade books, not only in quality, but in quantity. The Bruce contribution of the greatest significance to the trade over the last ten years, however, is the high degree of professional sales promotion which this firm has been able to bring to bear on a difficult and highly specialized sales problem. There is no publisher in the country who is doing a smoother, faster-clicking or more efficient job. Frank Bruce, among those who know, is first choice for the Catholic position on the All-American book-promoting team.

The Catholic book has come of age. But, like any other new adult recently freed from the restrictions of infancy, it is now up against the facts of life. The publishers in this special branch of literature have a primary responsibility to see that full and professional promotional support is provided to match their magnificent editorial performance. The general bookseller also has a responsibility to recognize a major demand for service by so avid and so large a segment of the book-buying public. The publisher has mastered the

special requirements of this exceedingly specialized type of publication. Now, it is hoped, the bookseller will master its specialized sales techniques.

The smart bookseller, always on the lookout for new sources of revenue, will adopt a policy of carrying representative stock, or establish a

separate Catholic department under the direction of a specially-trained clerk with a heart for his job. Not the head alone is required in the selling of Catholic books. Probably the greatest factor of all in the coming of age of the Catholic trade book is the satisfaction it provides to the weary hearts of the land.



For a real study in political treason you must go to the archetype



Judas Iscariot

By ALFRED O'RAHILLY

Condensed from the *Dublin Standard**

THE enigmatic figure of Judas has always raised problems of theology and psychology. He was a volunteer member of the little company. He was a man of business ability. He was a Judean, from Keri-oth, south of Hebron; all the other 11 were Galileans. He was appointed—either by our Lord or, more probably, by the other Apostles—bursar or treasurer of the community.

It is surprising that Matthew, the

customs clerk, did not get the post. Perhaps he thought it was too much like his former job of tax collecting, or Judas may have been clearly the more competent. Anyway, Judas was given the chance to use his natural abilities. It was an office which involved frequent interviews with the Master, Whose private secretary he must have been on many an errand of mercy.

And then mysteriously Judas began to change. We read of Peter's

*Standard House, Pearse St., Dublin, Ireland. Feb. 24, 1950.

rashness on many an occasion; we are told of the ambitions of James and John. The other Apostles talked freely of their earthly hopes, but Judas seems never to have given himself away. Even when he once protested against Mary's "waste," he cloaked his real motive under the garb of charity. To the very end his fellow Apostles never suspected him; not even at the Last Supper.

Only after the tragedy of Calvary did they discover that he had been pilfering the cash. Surely there was not much to take. It was a gradual small-scale racket; probably the proceeds were hidden somewhere. He may have regarded what he took as the reward of skilled service. More probably he wanted to build up a fund for the evil days he saw ahead.

Mere avarice does not explain his fall. If had he kept his faith and trust in the Master, he might have gone on with his stealing, but he would never have sold Him. As for all of us, his master temptation lay along the lines of his greatest ability. As bursar he felt important; he knew he was better at business than these Galilean countrymen. He thought that things were being badly managed; there was too much waste, not enough saving and investment. Gradually he looked on the withdrawals as his own. His interest in finances began to despiritualize him; the need to hide things made him sullen and rebellious. Christ's hints and appeals only hardened him.

The unworldliness of the whole campaign began to repel him. The Master spurned the chance to be made King by the lakeside crowd. He soon began to speak of a felon's death. Instead of becoming the leader of the nation, He was skulking with a small band of nonentities.

The opposition of the Jewish authorities was growing. Judas began to wonder whether he had not made a mistake. If we find it hard to imagine his position, let us remember that, unlike us, he did not know the end of the story. From the standpoint of worldly common sense, there is a lot to be said for the doubts of Iscariot.

He was already undermined by discontent and ambition; little pressure was required to make him unfaithful. He was profoundly shocked by the waste of the precious perfume; astonished that the Lord defended such conduct; and chagrined by the feeling that he was suspected or at least had lost the Master's confidence.

As men nearly always invent an apparatus of self-deception, he probably thought of the duty he owed to the Jewish leaders who had practically excommunicated his Master and had issued a notice requiring information about Him—perhaps with a reward attached. So Judas left the sinking ship, and insured himself against the coming debacle.

He told the Sanhedrin where and how the Nazarene could be quietly captured without arousing the at-

tention of the numerous Galilean pilgrims assembled for Passover. He did the minimum for which he had bargained. He led them to Gethsemani; he identified Jesus amid the shady olive trees. He did no more. Obviously he refused to be the star witness. He merely hung around about the courthouse.

What at this time were his thoughts? He expected to feel relieved that he had rescued himself just in time. But, no! There was an aching void in the heart of Judas, a strange feeling of being lost.

Accosting some attendants, he learned that Christ had been condemned and was to be handed over to the Roman governor for execution. Only then, did the full enormity of his crime penetrate his soul. He rushed to the Temple, and shouted to the ministering priests, "I have sinned by betraying innocent blood!" What a tribute, and from what a source! If he could have discovered some flaw in the Master he would have used it to salve his conscience. But his sin was stark before

him; his Master was innocent.

A new deception awaited him. The agents of the Sanhedrin whom he had trusted, laughed cynically at his confession of sin. Despair clutched at the heart of Judas. He was alone. He was neither in religion nor in the world: mocked by the Sanhedrists, despised by the disciples. What had he gained in the end? The money? The coins were burning in his pocket, they no longer mattered. In a rage he flung them over the barrier into the court of the priests. At least this blood money was gone.

The wretched man wandered round in utter loneliness, away from the city where a great tragedy was being enacted, down among the tombs in the valley of Hinnom. There was no witness to those last hours of agonizing remorse. Did he have no glimpse of Christ's infinite mercy? Did no plea for forgiveness cross his distraught mind? Was his "I have sinned" his last sane utterance, before sinking into madness and ending in suicide?

Thereby Hangs a Tale

A PUPPY said to a big dog, "The best thing for a dog is happiness, and happiness is in my tail. That is why I am chasing it."

Said the old dog, "I, too, have judged that happiness is a fine thing for a dog, and that happiness is in my tail. But I've noticed that when I chase it, it keeps running away from me; but when I go about my business, it comes after me."

Sunday School Times.

*Socialists are materialists, and the remedy they preach
is worse than the evil they seek to cure*

The Socialist

"Kingdom of God"

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Condensed chapter of a book*

THIS is not an attack on religion nor on any organized church. I have always thought the greatest bulwark against the pagan doctrines of modern socialism would be the Christian churches. Because I still believe that, I turn with much reluctance to an effort being made, not by the Christian churches and not by all Christian preachers, but by a group of Christian ministers and laymen to infect the minds of the Christian churches in America with the principles of radical socialism.

There is an organization known as the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Its 27 Protestant denominations represent 142,354 local congregations with a membership of 27 million Christian men, women and youth. It is governed by about 450 representatives, delegates from the constituent denominations. But the actual directing body is an executive committee of 80 members. In it there are a number of men who have been using its machinery to

Because of the criticism to which this chapter of *The Road Ahead* was subjected by some of those named in it, the author has here added information to meet the attacks and offer further proof of his thesis, but without withdrawing any of the propositions laid down in the first editions of the book.

promote a Socialist revolution in America. I am not attacking the Federal Council of Churches as such nor any of the Protestant communions in the council nor the great body of Protestant clergymen. As for the humble communicants of the thousands of little churches all over this broad land dedicated to the worship of God and the spiritual needs of their people who are paying the bills for these curious activities, I do not believe they realize what is being done by these leaders.

Look at one of the prize exhorters of the Federal Council, Dr. E. Stan-

*The Road Ahead. Copyright, 1949, by the author. Published by the Devin-Adair Co., New York City. 160 pp. \$2.50.

ley Jones. He goes out under the auspices of the council from city to city to preach the glory of Christian socialism. In a sense he is the author of a wholly new pulpit jargon. The prize specimen of this is his use of the phrase "the Kingdom of God."

The "Kingdom of God," according to Dr. Jones, is socialism, but he never uses that word if he can duck it. The "Kingdom of God" is a land organized according to the ideas of Karl Marx, softened and illuminated by the Bible. It is the fusion of Christ and Marx.

He admits that communism is anti-God, yet while being anti-God it is nearer to God than religions that worship God in spirit and word "but deny him in social progress."

Dr. Jones sees but two postwar great powers, America and Russia. "America represents individualism at its best and Russia represents collectivism at its best." They must get together and make "the world cooperative man." U. S. individualism and Russia's collectivism will be synthesized to produce the perfect "cooperative man" in the "Kingdom of God." To which he adds, "If you want the Christian Church to help produce that man, then we are at your disposal."* Do the 142,000 Christian congregations know about this offer? And do they know that a huge, well-financed church apparatus using their prestige and their

Socialism Isn't Christian

WHETHER considered as a doctrine, or an historical fact, or a movement, Socialism, if it remains truly Socialism, even after it has yielded to truth and justice on ... points which we have mentioned, cannot be reconciled with the teachings of the Catholic Church because its concept of society itself is utterly foreign to Christian truth.

From the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*
by Pope Pius XI (15 May '31).

funds is actually being used in promoting an economic socialist revolution in this country now?

Dr. Jones denies he is officially connected with the Federal Council. I do not say he was an officer. I say he was one of their prize exhorters. He admits that he holds "evangelistic missions under the Department of Evangelism of the Council," which arranges for his appearances. Of course they do not tell him what to say. They know what he will say; he addresses more people directly with this curious gospel than any other connected with the council.

It is time to clarify the phrase "the Kingdom of God." Socialistic evangelists have taken hold of it and transformed it into a synonym for a political and economic movement.

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, once president of the Federal Council, in his latest book† tells the history of it.

†*Personalities in Social Reform* by G. Bromley Oxnam, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1950.

**The Choice Before Us* (1937) and *The Christ of the American Road* (1944) by E. Stanley Jones, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

It originated, he says, in a book called *Christianity and the Social Crisis*, by Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch, in 1907. The purpose of this book was to sell socialism to American Christians. Dr. Rauschenbusch wrote: "It would seem, therefore, that one of the greatest services that Christianity could render to humanity in the throes of the present transition would be to aid those social forces which are making for the increase of communism. The church should help public opinion to understand clearly the difference between the moral qualities of the competitive and the communistic principle, and enlist religious enthusiasm on behalf of that which is essentially Christian."*

This is the great theme of Dr. Rauschenbusch's book. I should say in fairness, however, that while he used the word *communism*, he was using it as a synonym for *socialism*. Bishop Oxnam says this book "changed the thinking of American Christians." It was Rauschenbusch who first called socialism the "Kingdom of God." According to Oxnam, Rauschenbusch insisted that "the only thing that can make socialism succeed is established religion." And Dr. Oxnam adds that while Rauschenbusch was a Socialist, he "did not summon men to socialism. He summoned them to the Kingdom of God." It was this form of Christian socialism that has come to be known

at present as the Social Gospel.

Among the very first presidents of the Federal Council were several dedicated to this curious new "Kingdom of God." However, it was not until Bishop Francis J. McConnell, an avowed socialist, became president that Social Gospelers began to crowd into the staff of the council. In due time, Dr. G. Bromley Oxnam himself became president of the council, in 1944. He remains a member of the executive committee and was last year elected as American president of the World Council of Churches. He appears as a member of a dozen Red-front organizations. I do not charge him with being a communist, but a socialist of the British Fabian variety. His presence in these organizations shows his interest in socialism, not Russian communism.

Dr. Oxnam denied to me that he is a socialist. But this is a point which must be determined by the collection of principles and objectives he preaches.

I have read Dr. Oxnam's books. He takes occasion at times to make some critical observations about Russia. But these are far outweighed by his favorable comments. He tells how he saw young women coming up out of the Moscow subway in their overalls and covered with mud. "But there was a light in their eyes," he exclaims. Wherever he saw them, at the theater or the opera, they thrilled him. "They were builders," he says, "sharing the culture of

**Christianity and the Social Crisis* by Walter Rauschenbusch, Macmillan, 1907.

a new society, unafraid of hard labor, uninterested in soft leisure." He was thrilled as he saw them marching, tens of thousands, through Red Square. And he asks, "What drives them to such service?" One would suppose the answer to be obvious. But the Doctor's explanation is different: "It is the call of the classless society and the summons of the New Order." It does not occur to him apparently that they march in obedience to an order from the Kremlin.

In February, 1949, Dr. Oxnam was honored by an award from an Episcopal magazine called the *Churchman*. It was given for his "promotion of good will and better understanding among all peoples." The award was presented at a gala dinner at the Hotel Astor in New York City to which a large number of well-known persons were invited—and accepted. The *Churchman* is edited by Dr. Guy Emery Sipler, whose communist affiliations are open and notorious.

Whenever such clergymen are challenged they are always able to point to some criticisms they have made of the Soviet government. The explanation of their state of mind, however, is simple. They condemn Russia for omitting God from her civilization. They do not approve of her dictatorship. But they see in Russia a great experiment in collectivism. They wish that experiment to succeed and they would like it better if God were included.

In 1933, Dr. Oxnam edited a volume called *Preaching and the Social Crisis*.^{*} It contains 11 papers. On the subject of the social crisis there are presented five papers and all represent the socialist point of view. The opening words of the book, by Kirby Page, read: "It is supremely tragic that at this late day evidence must still be produced that socialism is much closer akin to the Christian gospel than capitalism."

The second piece is by Jerome Davis, whose persistent defense of the socialist content of Soviet Russia is notorious. The third is by Harry F. Ward, a notorious joiner of communist-front organizations and a lifetime evangelist of the socialist philosophy. The fourth is by Dr. Oxnam himself, who informs us that the discussion of revolution has passed beyond the discussion stage. The issue, he declares, is not change, but whether change will occur peacefully. The fifth is by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, a lifetime socialist who has the complete honesty to concede it.

There is not one word in support of the American system of private enterprise in the entire volume.

In 1944, Bishop Oxnam wrote another book called *Preaching in a Revolutionary Age*.[†] He insists we are in a revolution. And he makes it plain he is in favor of the revolution.

^{*}*Preaching and the Social Crisis* edited by G. Bromley Oxnam, Abingdon Press, 1933.

[†]*Preaching in a Revolutionary Age* by G. Bromley Oxnam, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1944.

"For good or ill the day of march is upon us," he says. And it is obvious that he is for the march. The choice is between revolution by force and revolution by consent. "Preaching," he says, "can have a prominent part in winning that consent." He believes it is the duty of the preacher to win the consent of the people to the revolution. He takes the British Fabian position that whether the state takes over any particular industry or not is purely a matter of deciding whether that will get better results. But the whole system must be subjected to planning on a national scale. This is the hard core of British Fabian socialism.

Then in 1945, Dr. Oxnam wrote a book called *Labor and Tomorrow's World*. He warned the church that this revolution would have a profound effect on Christianity and that the church dare not stand idly by while the revolution marches on. He makes it plain that the church had better climb on the bandwagon and so exercise some influence on the course the revolution will take. I want to make it plain that I do not attack Dr. Oxnam's sincerity. I merely insist that all of the 27 million people in the Federal Council have a right to understand the true nature of all this. Here is one of its most powerful leaders, who works for a revolution and a revolution in the direction of British Fabian socialism. My criticism is of the failure of these gentlemen to call this by its right name and to conceal the grav-

ity of their aims under such alluring words as "industrial democracy," "national planning" and, most serious of all, the "Kingdom of God."

But there is more to this. Clement Attlee, British Prime Minister, claimed that "the first place in the influences that built up the socialist movement [in England] must be given to religion." Now we have Bishop Oxnam writing an article for the *Call*, the official organ of the Socialist party in the U. S., in which he repeats this boast on his own authority, save that he says it was his church, the Methodist, which made the victory of the Labor party in England possible. This article is reprinted in a folder and may now be obtained from the Socialist party here in America.

In 1947, Bishop Oxnam wrote to missionary workers in his diocese, sending them a book called *Behind Soviet Power* by Dr. Jerome Davis. There is perhaps no one in America who has been connected with more communist-front organizations than Dr. Davis. This book recounts Dr. Davis' travels in Russia, and is an almost unrestrained rhapsody upon Russia's achievements. He says the "Russian constitution is the most advanced and democratic in the world . . . the Party is much more democratic than it was even a few years ago." Chapter 7 is a glowing account of Russian planning as a system. Part 2 begins with a contrast between the workers under capitalism and under socialism. As far as capi-

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talism is concerned, it is a gloomy tract. There is a chapter which describes the tolerance of all races in Russia and another extolling Stalin's great work in bringing culture to the people. Stalin had to deal with the reactionary Russian Church, but Protestantism has fared well. A new era has begun and many churchmen are optimistic. It is a complete defense of Russia. It ends with a summary of 16 charges against Russia and a repudiation of them all. And at the very end is a supplement containing the message of Ilya Ehrenberg, the Soviet propagandist, to the American people.

Bishop Oxnam distributed this

book to his fellow workers in the Division of Foreign Missions. He said this book should be read with other authoritative volumes, particularly Vera Micheles Dean's discussion in 1946 called *Russia—Menace or Promise?*, a tract which is an incredible apology for Socialist Russia. Of course, Bishop Oxnam has never defended the atheism of Russia or its dictatorship. But this is the literature he sends his colleagues with the admonition that they have a moral obligation to become acquainted with the facts.

Finally, in his latest book, which appeared in 1950 (*Personalities in Social Reform*), there are six biogra-

St. Thomas on Private Property

IN REGARD to an external thing man has two powers: one is the power of managing and controlling it, and as to this it is lawful for a man to possess private property. It is, moreover, necessary for human life for three reasons. First, because everyone is more zealous in looking after a thing that belongs to him than a thing that is the common property of all or of many; because each person, trying to escape labor, leaves to another what is everybody's business, as happens where there are many servants. Secondly, because there is more order in the management of men's affairs if each has his own work of looking after definite things; whereas there would be confusion if everyone managed everything indiscriminately. Thirdly, because in this way the relations of men are kept more peaceful, since everyone is satisfied with his own possession, whence we see that quarrels are commoner between those who jointly own a thing as a whole. The other power which man has over external things is the using of them; and as to this, man must not hold external things as his own property, but as everyone's; so as to make no difficulty, I mean, in sharing when others are in need.

Summa theologica, II-II Q. lxxi. a. 2.

phies of five men and one woman who are clearly indicated as his social heroes. One is Dr. Rauschenbusch, the socialist founder of the Social Gospel and the modern version of the "Kingdom of God." Another is Ghandi. Two more are Sidney and Beatrice Webb, founders of British Fabian socialism. The other two are David Lilienthal and Albert Schweitzer.

I have dwelt on the views of Bishop Oxnam because he is beyond all doubt the most powerful single individual in the Federal Council. But he is not alone. Out of the 15 presidents of the council since its formation, nine have been followers of the Social Gospel. Some have been milder in this advocacy than others, but many have been forthright champions of this curious religio-revolutionary doctrine.

In 1932, the council issued what is popularly called its Social Creed. This creed reads like the platform of the Socialist party. It is for "subordination of the profit motive to the creative and cooperative spirit." It is for "social planning and control of the credit and monetary systems and the economic processes for the common good." It is for socialized medicine, which it calls "social insurance against sickness." It is for a "cooperative world order."* And if a congregation is interested in turning

the church into a socio-political unit in the community, it need but write to the council, and it will receive a little pamphlet by its former industrial secretary, Dr. James Myers, which will instruct the church in how to organize for this purpose, including suggestions as to when the church ought to go out on the picket line and how to picket.

In January, 1945, the council adopted a resolution warning that to supply our social needs "many changes will be needed" and these will be in "the direction of a larger measure of social planning and control than characterized our prewar system."

In 1948 the council leaders went to Amsterdam to organize the World Council of Churches. There they condemned capitalism and communism, but had not one word of criticism of socialism. They resolved that "the Christian churches should reject the ideologies of communism and capitalism." The Americans on the committee to frame this declaration were Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Dr. John C. Bennett, and Mr. Charles Taft. I am informed Dr. Bennett drew the resolution. Dr. Bennett and Dr. Niebuhr are notorious socialist-minded agitators. At the end, Bishop Oxnam was elected American president of the World Council. What were these men with these opinions doing in Europe, writing resolutions for 27 million American Protestants?

**Social Ideals of the Churches* (as passed by the quadrennial meeting of the Federal Council of Churches at Indianapolis, Dec. 8, 1932; abridged edition, 1942), Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, New York.

There is no room here for the whole story. But the influence of these men shows up in all sorts of literature, even publications that reach the Sunday School mind. For instance, in *Lessons for Intermediates*, used in Methodist Sunday Schools (April, May, June, 1948, issues), is a drive for what is called "social health insurance" which is really socialized medicine. And in *Classmate* for July, 1947, is an article by Jerome Davis, the story of that wonderful model for youth, Joseph Stalin. "No doubt he has his faults," says Davis, "but can we go out to serve God and the common people of America as sincerely and courageously as Stalin did for what he believed was best for his people?"

Fortunately, the existence of this bold seizure of the instrumentalities of U. S. Christian churches has been noted by men within the churches. Large numbers of clergymen have discovered that the pulpit, the Sunday School, the church publications, and the secular apparatus of the churches have been slyly confiscated by the socialist-planning preachers and used not so much to save men's souls as to destroy the political and

economic institutions of America. Many now oppose it from within. Some years ago a small group of clergymen denounced these methods and formed the American Council of Christian Churches, which is opposed to the Planners' church raid. It now has in its framework denominations representing 3,000 separate congregations in organized church groups and an additional 3,000 in unaffiliated church units, with a combined membership of 1,500,000 in every state in the Union. It is growing rapidly. Its president is Dr. W. O. H. Garman of Wilkesburg, Pa.

These same groups have set up on a world scale the International Council of Christian Churches, representing, according to its claims, 29 Protestant denominations. Rev. Carl McIntire of Collingswood, N. J., was named president. There is also the great movement led by Dr. James W. Fife, Jr., of Los Angeles, with which are marshaled 17,000 Protestant ministers to uphold our American system. This much, therefore, must be said—that the battle within the churches is not going by default.

Some Eschew Profanity

Two non-Catholic ladies watching the annual Holy Name parade in New York City were amazed at the thousands of participants.

One of them said, "I didn't know that there were that many Catholic men in New York."

An Irish cop on duty overheard them. He said, "Heck, ladies, that's only the ones that don't swear."

R. W. Aretz.

Story about an ex-socialist who still fears the political effect
of belief in the Real Presence

Who Is Paul Blanshard?

By DALE FRANCIS

Condensed from a forthcoming pamphlet*

PAUL BLANSHARD has established himself as the leading propagandist for anti-Catholic forces in the U.S.

More than a year ago he wrote a book called *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. It became a best seller and is now a major influence in non-Catholic thinking.

Apparently his readers have never bothered to find out just what he means by freedom. He has told them he is no bigot, and they believed him. He has told them he attacks only the power politics of the Church, and they have believed him.

Blanshard has told his readers he believes in freedom of expression. But he has twice threatened me with libel suits if this article were written, and wrote to the president of the university on whose staff I serve, apparently in an attempt to suppress it.

Blanshard insists on his own patriotism. Yet it was only in 1932 that as a socialist he said, "Our aim is frankly international and not narrowly patriotic—Daughters of the

American Revolution, please note."¹

Blanshard was a socialist then but he says he is not one now. He was 40 years old then and as ardent as any socialist in the nation. Writing for the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, he told of the pattern of government that would come into power if he had his way.

"If we gained control of the American government," he said, "we probably would begin with a complete revision of the national governmental system. We would do one of two things. We would write an amendment to the Constitution giving the federal government the right to regulate all private business and to enter into any business which it deemed proper, or we would abolish the Constitution altogether and give the national Congress the power to interpret the people's will, subject only to certain general principles of free speech and assemblage."¹

That was written in 1932, and Blanshard says now that was the

**American Freedom and Paul Blanshard*. Ave Maria Press,
Notre Dame, Ind. 60 pp. 10c.

year he left socialism. But did he? Or did he leave it in name only? Blanshard himself answers that. In the pro-socialist *World Tomorrow* he wrote a letter answering an article they had titled "Paul Blanshard, Ex-Socialist."

Here is Blanshard's own answer: "You wave your arm and dismiss us from the fellowship of American socialism because we have recognized the obvious fact that the Socialist party is dying and because, pending the arrival of a new third party, we have decided to fight for progressive leaders and progressive programs within the older parties. No one doubts your sincerity, but the most intelligent radicals in America will question the rather sophomoric and arrogant way in which you dismiss veteran socialist workers who happen to disagree with you in regard to political technique in the present confused and uncertain American situation."³

Yes, Blanshard says he is not a socialist now, but after he publicly left the Socialist party he explained he had not left the ideals of socialism at all but was merely using a different "political technique." There is no record that he has ever changed his mind about this.

Now Blanshard says he is a defender of the Constitution, but it was only a few years ago that he was promising that he would cooperate in a plan to abolish it altogether. By peaceful methods? But of course. Here is Blanshard's explanation.

"We propose to accomplish that revolution peacefully and gradually if the American upper classes will permit a peaceful transition," he said in the *Annals*.

But he didn't really think it could be done without bloodshed. Writing in the *Christian Century*, Oct. 19, 1932, he said, "I think there would be some bloodshed because the American upper class is so blind to the sufferings of 11 million unemployed that it would not yield much power except through fear of violence."²

But all this was in the past, Blanshard wrote me. He now is a good, upright democrat. Now he is the protector of the Supreme Court from the designs of the power-mad Catholics, but in 1932 he talked of "shelving the Supreme Court."¹ Now he has changed. Or has he? He still apparently likes the Supreme Court only when that august body has the good sense to agree with his own ideas.

With disgust, he quotes Archbishop J. Francis McIntyre: "Education is the function of the parent. If the statement that education is a state function is written into the law, it will permit future encroachments on the parental influence of education."

"Amazing," says Blanshard. He apparently regards the statement as completely out of tune with American democratic principles. But the Supreme Court in the Oregon decision, said, "The child is not the mere creature of the state: those who nur-

ture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligation."

If the archbishop is proclaiming a philosophy alien to the nation, then so is the Supreme Court. The amazing thing is that Paul Blanshard would in 1949 be totally unaware of the wording of the Supreme Court decision.

No one can say correctly that Blanshard has ever been a communist or that he is a communist now, although there may have been legitimate doubt in the 20's and 30's. (If this sounds to Blanshard like libel material, he can turn to page 241 in his book and find it word for word, except that *communist* has been substituted for *fascist* and his name has been substituted for *American Catholics*.)

In 1937 the New York *Times* featured on the front page an attack by Jeremiah Mahoney, then candidate for mayor of New York, in which Mahoney charged that Blanshard was definitely tied to the Communist party. Blanshard was at that time commissioner of accounts under La Guardia.

Mahoney quoted from past writings by Blanshard, told how stamps urging support of the communists had been passed out from his office. Blanshard replied by saying he was no longer the socialist he had once been and that socialism wasn't communism. He claimed that the stamps had been sold after hours by

workers in his office whom he did not try to control after working hours, and he said that the statements attributed to him weren't true.

The New York *Times* editorialized that it would be hard to make the Red charge stick, and no action resulted from the charges. Mahoney never retracted them. Two months later, over the protests of La Guardia and with editorial praise for his work as an investigator, Blanshard resigned from the office.

Catholics reading his book will probably wonder what the Church has to do to please Blanshard. He gave the answer to that too. It is another answer out of the past, but it sounds as though it fits today.

Writing in the *Christian Century* in 1932, he said, "The church's survival, it seems to me, depends largely on whether the ministry has the courage to rise to the moral level of socialism."²

Maybe today Blanshard doesn't still hold to socialism, but it is plain that he thinks that the Church must "rise" to the "moral level" he establishes as correct if it is to *survive* in a world dominated by people of his mind. For those familiar with what has been going on behind the Iron Curtain this has a familiar ring.

The period from 1914 to 1932 in the life of Paul Blanshard might well reveal some deviations from what the average American would consider a young American's life should be. In 1917, when the average

young American was serving in the armed forces, Blanshard belonged to a political party which thought that in a struggle between two capitalist countries there was nothing worth dying for—whether Blanshard himself held this philosophy then can't be known, for he was at this time a minister not subject to the draft. He did hold it later, for he said in the *Christian Century* in 1932, "The difference between one capitalist government and another is not worth dying for."² In any case, Blanshard seems hardly the man to ask whether Catholic schools produce good Americans. It would be unjust to suggest that at any time he was not a good citizen, but the fact remains that his education apparently produced a great many ideas more than a little at odds with the usual content of American thought.

Blanshard insists that he is concerned only with the political aspects of the Catholic Church. But here is an example of what he considers political: "The Catholic priest is also armed with several special and effective devices of control over his people," he writes in his book. "The people are told that under certain circumstances he is able to forgive sin and grant absolution, and he performs these operations with impressive dignity. As an instrument of divine power he performs the exclusively Catholic miracle of transubstantiation, transforming bread into flesh and wine into blood,

actually, not figuratively. . . . To a certain extent the priests are victims of the medievalism of their own Church, imprisoned by ancient beliefs and forced into the role of 'good' magicians."

This is typical of Blanshard's concept of what is of a political and what is of a religious nature. Calling the Real Presence in the Eucharist a device for control of Catholics is not staying within the bounds of political discussion.

His attack is really on all phases of the Catholic Church. When in my correspondence with him I suggested I would quote a rather damaging statement he made concerning sex and marriage standards in Russia, he said to mention it would be "beneath contempt." So out of consideration for him I will not mention it. But in explaining this article he made a revealing admission.

"You must know," he wrote, "that I simply wrote a straight factual piece with as much zip and spice in it as possible, since I was a young squirt who wanted to get the article published. . . ."

That is revealing; for, although he is no longer a young squirt and unfortunately no longer as much interested in the straight factual, there is every indication that he sought to add a little zip and spice to *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, quite possibly for the same reasons he added spice and zip to his earlier article.

For example, the sensational anti-

Catholic books of the *Menace* era always pictured nuns as captives in convents. Blanshard is not so un-subtle as that. Still, you never know, someone might like to believe that old story. So very cleverly we find Blanshard starting off a sentence with "Although they (nuns) are compelled to live in convents. . . ." Something for everyone, that's Blanshard's motto.

The old-style bigots told stories of immorality in the confessional. Once again Blanshard is faced with the problem of deciding how to be subtle and still please the people who wish to believe this sort of nonsense. He solved it with this statement: "Particularly when the penitent is a woman, her mind in the process of unburdening her regrets and worries is delivered, so to speak, wide open to the priest."

Something for everyone, that's Blanshard.

But why bother with Blanshard at all? Any educated Catholic, and any educated non-Catholic with the minimum of real knowledge of the Catholic Church, should be able to see through his pretense of scholarship to the bitterness of his attack on the Catholic faith. His own writings, his own statements, his own record, point to an instability that hardly fits him to lead a crusade for traditional American ideals.

Yet Blanshard has fooled a tremendous number of people. John Dewey and J. P. Marquand are among those who have praised him

for his book. The Book-of-the-Month club recommended it. Anyone who reads Protestant journals can see its growing effect in the writings of other non-Catholics.

Blanshard can urge, as he does, that all American Catholic bishops and archbishops be registered as foreign agents until such time as they are elected by popular vote, but only the Catholics are shocked. Such an obviously un-American and undemocratic demand gone unanswered shows how far we have advanced along the road to disaster. But too few non-Catholics understand this.

No totalitarianism ever evolves without a scapegoat. For communism it was the upper classes. For nazism it was the Jews. The nazis talked of the Jews as a foreign element; said they didn't belong in their nation's society. Blanshard talks of the problem of assimilation of the Catholics, wonders aloud about "the medieval posturing" of the Catholic people. The nazis charged that the Jews were trying to seize power in the nation. Blanshard charges that Catholics are trying to rule the nation. The nazis charged the Jews with trying to change the morals of the nation. Blanshard says the Catholics are. There is not a trick of warfare against a people that Blanshard does not use.

American freedom is in danger. But not from the Catholics. The Catholics are attacking no other group. The Catholics are not trying

to turn people away from American ideals. The danger doesn't lie in the Catholic Church.

The danger lies in the attacks on a part of the American people. If totalitarianism comes to the United States it will come through men who, though despising American ideals, pretend to be the defenders of freedom. It will come through the practitioners of the Hitlerian method of creating a scapegoat.

Americans should examine well the record of Blanshard, the man who says he is a defender of freedom. Everybody who talks about freedom doesn't mean real American freedom.

¹*Socialist and Capitalist Planning*, Vol. 162, pp. 6-11, July, 1932, *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*.

²*Socialism, a Moral Solution*, Vol. 49, pp. 1271-74, Oct. 19, 1932, *Christian Century*.

³*Paul Blanshard, Ex-Socialist, a Reply*, Vol. 16, pp. 531-2, Sept. 28, 1933, *World Tomorrow*.



Christ Was Born An Asiatic

A CONFESSED sinner saved the lives and faith of more than 3,000 baptized Catholics in a small Siamese town, Ban Plai Na, Juthia province, during the war.

The Siamese government had decided that the Christians of the country were to become followers of the national religion, Buddhism, and a violent persecution began.

One day the town's 3,000 Catholics were lined up before the local police headquarters, and the four weakest members of the congregation were placed at the head of the line. The inspector told them that true Asiatics could have but one religion, and that was the religion of Buddha. They should not adore a European Christ. The inspector then called upon the most influential of the four public sinners and asked him to deny Christ. He hoped the apostasy of all would follow.

The man replied, "I am a sinner and I admit it. For years I have been a scandal to others, but I will never deny Christ."

He then continued, "I am not an intellectual, but I learned at school that Christ was born at Bethlehem in Palestine, and that Palestine is in Asia. Christ is therefore an Asiatic, as you and I are, and it is the Europeans who are following the religion of an Asiatic, and not the Asiatics that of a European."

The officials looked at one another in amazement, rose, and gave a signal for the breaking up of the meeting. The persecution was stopped, and the Christianity of Ban Plai Na was saved by the very man who was expected to be its betrayer.

The Singapore Rally (Feb. '30).

*All those goos and gurgles are the beginnings
of words for Junior*



Is "Baby Talk" Talk?

By DIANE FARRELL



Condensed from the *Times-Picayune New Orleans States Magazine*

THERE'S a lad in our block whose parents insisted on feeding him baby talk from cradle to kindergarten. Later, he referred to his feet as "tootsie wootsies" in front of the neighborhood roughneck and he got his itsy bitsy block knocked off.

This can happen to any kid whose mother neglects to correct or even encourages baby talk. "Parents shouldn't wait until a child is a couple of years old to begin worrying about his learning to talk; they should be on the job from the minute baby says his first *boo*," according to Dr. Lloyd Rowland, director of the Louisiana Society for Mental Health.

He claims that most speech defects in children go back to their diaper days. The little girl who stutters, whom teachers ignore and other kids make fun of, is a victim of early frustration. Perhaps her

mother left her alone for long periods, or told her constantly to stop babbling. Gradually she became afraid to talk.

If you don't believe kids try to talk before they get their first birthday cake, take a look at any baby. They all try out their tongues, experiment with sounds, and listen to strange noises that come from the mouths of the people around them. They drink in the world about them as avidly as they suck their bottles.

As most parents suspect, baby first learns to express himself by yelling his little noggin off. This is the way he gets food, gets dry, gets attention. But after about a month, he accidentally learns softer sounds. He is lying there peacefully in his crib when suddenly he goes "aa." From then on, the rest of the letters are alphabet soup to him. By the time he is three months old, he has made all the vowel and consonant sounds

Soon he begins stringing them together like beads (ga-ga-ga). He repeats these sounds over and over again like a machine gun until he is all worn out and his throat hurts. He then learns what, next to talking, is the most important lesson—when to shut up.

One day, when baby has just spit out all his food, bitten a neighbor on the hand, and mother is about to trade him for a housebroken cocker spaniel, Junior will work a miracle. Accidentally combining the right vowel with the right consonant, he will say "mama." Mother picks him up, squeezes him, kisses him, and calls up Aunt Hepsibah in Hoboken to tell her the news.

"Gee, that sure got a rise out of her," thinks the safety kingpin. So he tries the mama routine on everybody: the grocery boy, the plumber, the five-year-old next door. But he soon finds out that it works on only one person—but how it works on her! In similar fashion, he discovers *rattle*, *by-by*, and *dada*.

"By the time he is six years old," says Dr. Rowland, "if properly encouraged, he will understand approximately 20,000 words."

What does "properly encouraged" mean? Here are Dr. Rowland's rules for helping your tot learn to talk.

1. Have frequent bull sessions with baby. Of course, he won't understand all about the dishwasher, the hydrogen bomb, and Peter Rabbit right away. But he'll be watching your lips move and he'll know that

you're interested in him and that you want him to learn. Don't get down in the mouth if he doesn't talk right away. He'll be soaking some of it in just the same.

2. Don't feed him a line of baby talk. This actually forces a child to learn two separate languages at once. Only one will ever do him any good. What sounds cute when he's two can be pretty nauseating when he's ten.
3. Have regular talking lessons when baby gets to be about a year old. First teach him the words for the things nearest to him: *duck*, *ball*, *rattle*. But if he doesn't go for it, drop these sessions. Don't display that Dillinger attitude toward Diaper Dan—"So ya won't talk, eh?" Make talking seem like play.
4. Don't frustrate your child. Unhappiness and uncertainty may creep into his speech and make him stutter. This doesn't mean you must let Oswald spit out all his pabulum into papa's puss without putting up a squawk. You first guard against frustrating your child when you make him know he's wanted. Pay attention to him. Don't just let him cry it out. If he yells like there's a rattlesnake in bed with him, something must be wrong.

Most children are frustrated early in life because parents expect the impossible of them. Trying to force Junior to be a little gentleman about his toilet habits at three months is ridiculous. And foolish are the parents who cry in fright because baby would rather use his left hand than

his right. Making him reach with the other hand confuses and upsets him. Remember, papa, lots of southpaws are on the ball.

Do you want Junior to progress from *goo-goo* to the Gettysburg Ad-

dress? Do you want him to be the after-dinner speaker of the snowball set? Then just follow Dr. Rowland's four basic rules. Chances are you won't ever have any cause to squawk about baby's talk.

Flights of Fancy

Stood out like carefree laughter in the Kremlin.—*Joan Caulfield.*

Gently shoving God aside with the gloved hand of reverent agnosticism.—*Fulton J. Sheen.*

Puts his personality around your shoulder.—*O. A. Battista.*

Drunk: when a man feels sophisticated and can't pronounce it.—*Kingman Leader-Courier.*

Like trying to discuss radar with a goldfish.—*Monica Baldwin.*

If the New York water shortage gets worse the citizens are likely to start giving H₂O'Dwyer.—*Pathfinder.*

Hair drooped around her pallid cheek like seaweed on a clam.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Sympathy: what one girl offers another in exchange for details.—*Anonymous.*

Reached for a smile and almost made it.—*Harold Q. Masur.*

Optimist: man who double-parks while his wife runs in to make a small purchase.—*Richard Armour.*

The plane put its feet in its pockets and off we went.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Echo: ghost of a sound.—*Blanche Mary Kelly.*

Winds whirl the falling mists away in their arms.—*C. W. Stoddard.*

Vacuum cleaner: opposite force to the work of five children.—*Dietmar Werner.*

The sea was like a mountain range on the move.—*Hammond Innes.*

Lightning zippered open the clouds.—*Aubrey E. Brady.*

Emotion: a mood in a hurry.—*M. C. Dorsey.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

*The Italian guide was a little crazy
but he taught the Irishman something about life*

My Guide and My Confession

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

Condensed from a book*



ONE MORNING in the great piazza of St. Peter's I found a little humped man. I might easily have snubbed this strange-looking figure, but God had sent him, and it was not to be. I answered his polite query truthfully. He said, "You know Michelangelo's portrait of Savonarola?" In surprise, I said I did not. When he offered to show it to me, saying it was in the Sistine chapel, I knew he was an unofficial guide, and unjustly decided that he was a fraud as well, for I knew, or I thought I did, that there is no portrait in the Sistine. It turned out later that he was quite right. There is a little *ritratto* of Savonarola tucked away in the lower left-hand corner of the *Last Judgment*.

Since I was glad to talk to someone, and was willing to look at the Sistine ceiling again, I let him lead me to the Vatican museum. In two minutes I realized that he was as mad as a March hare. His name was Cipolla. He was not in the least interested in the Sistine chapel. His

pet theory was that the cradle of Aryan Adam is not where men usually place it, somewhere about buried Samarkand, north of the Hindu Kush, but in Asia Minor among the Galatians, a theory much to my taste, since the Galatians were Celts. On this he talked volubly. Of the Sistine chapel he talked not at all. The result was that we paused three times at pubs, where he traced with a dirty finger in spilled beer the growth of Western civilization.

Now and again, in between the Galatians and civilization, my dear lunatic talked also of the "vast wealth of the Vatican" with the inevitable cynicism of all Italians no matter what the subject, and most of all inevitable when the Church is in question.

For a while I listened, deeply puzzled. Then I interrupted him. He was at the moment in the middle of an attack on communism.

"You are a Catholic?" I asked.

He looked at me, a little coldly. "Naturalmentel" He resumed:

*A Summer in Italy. Copyright 1950 by the author. Published by the Devin-Adair Co., New York City. 248 pp. \$3.50.

"These scum, who are destroying Christianity . . ."

As I listened to him a great glow of joy spread through me. It was as if the heavens had parted and a voice had come from a soft heart of light, rosy-colored and mothering, to explain to me something which had oppressed me all my life, without my knowing what it was. The voice said, "Now thou knowest why so many Catholics are such tiresome persons." This man was a Catholic, but he was not at all tiresome. He was an Italian and a Roman and a Catholic and a sceptic and a citizen of the world, and yet he was unaware of any of these things, being all of them simultaneously and instinctively.

Dear *Signor* Cipolla, I salute you. You are as legion as your race. And, yet, I had never known you existed until we sat in that pub under the Vatican walls.

He was still talking when we sat in the Sistine chapel. But, gradually, the old man's voice became drowsy, and when he said, "Lean back and look up" (as all the tourists were doing), he leaned back and fell sound asleep. I saw, then, not so much Michelangelo's God the Father sending the electricity of life along his finger into Adam as a vast procession of men, not all Italians, for whom Christianity was less a creed than the color of life itself, inconceivable in any other coloring, and as completely unlimited, untrammelled, and unaware as a wave,

the wind, a tree or a mountain.

Cipolla slept on. I pushed a 1,000-lire note into his pocket and stole away. It was still not noon; one begins one's sight-seeing early in Rome to avoid the great heat. I motored back to St. Peter's, for I was by now in a fever of haste. That great village, for it is more like a village or a small town than a church, was conducting its usual variety of affairs in its various market places. A long file of Calabrian pilgrims was entering its hollow halls, their wailing voices rising and falling in a flesh-creeping hymn that went echoing about the dome like a banshee. A cardinal led them to a side altar to pray, stoutly, in shouting unison. Tourists wandered to and fro. The usual guides ushered the usual groups in the aisles. Americans looked up from their Baedekers in secular curiosity or clicked cameras behind pillars. Friends chatted. A Mass was being said in one of the transepts. In the same transept a dozen confessionals were busy, each indicating, on a plaque outside, the language in which one could confess—French, English, Polish, Hungarian, German, Italian, Czechoslovakian, all the tongues of Babel. Outside each confessional is a slim wand like a little fishing rod. As each penitent emerges he kneels outside the priest's compartment. A hand comes out, lifts the rod from its fixture, and taps the forgiven sinner on the shoulder.

I thought with emotion of my

friend, now sleeping softly in the Sistine. My one wish was to become one with him in Christ. But it was more years than I cared to count since I had been to confession, and how could I ever explain to a confessor the reason why? A French priest, an Italian, indeed any priest of these hidden confessors, with conched hand to ear, would understand all the usual stories, be bored to yawning by them. Women? Theft? The sin of Simon Magus? These things would pass lightly. They were the worn coins of sin. But mine? I looked longingly at the Czechoslovakian confessional and wished I knew the language. He would understand. A Hungarian priest would understand. Best of all, a Spaniard; even an Italian would do, and under pretence of reading a prayer book I covertly consulted my dictionary. *Ragione Politica*? But he might think I was an anarchist or a communist. Regretfully I decided that my Italian was not good enough. An English priest?

"You see—" I rehearsed, while the Calabrians howled the responses a quarter of a mile away, and the bell tinkled on the altar, a band of sun crept down from miles high, and the penitents came and went, a girl grinning back at her lover, a boy coming out with a smile of contentment—"you see Father, when we took up arms to defend the Republic the Church pronounced us virtually excommunicate."

The good priest would peer at me

in astonishment. He might think hastily of the Spanish Civil war; or it might occur to him that I am a Mosleyite. For what could he possibly know about the intricacies of Irish revolutionary politics? The whole thing suddenly seemed silly and embarrassing. Suppose he said, "What Republic?" how could I explain that there wasn't really any Republic at all; it was something that Mr. de Valera had thought up with a lot of distinctions about *de jure* and *de facto*. No Englishman could sympathize with nonsense like that. And yet if only in sheer courtesy, I must give some explanation. I wondered had he ever heard of the Fenians? I wished that even my grandfather had been a Fenian, but all I knew about him was that he drank himself out of a farm in County Limerick. Impulsively, I shoved myself by main force into the empty compartment, deciding to talk in broken English like a foreigner.

He drew the slide. As soon as his voice whispered to me I knew I was sunk. It was rich with the buttermilk of County Limerick. The sweat broke out on me. This man would know all about the Republic. He would take the side of the bishops, as in duty bound. Or else he would say something like: "Yerrah, for goodness' sake? And what Brigade was that now? The First Cork? Sure, don't I know Tommy Barry as well as I know me own hand?"

And we would become so pally

that I would sweat again with shame to have to tell him my tale. What he actually said when he had heard it was this: "Well, now, those are your sins since then? Women and drink and no Mass and bad language and dirty stories and all the rest of it? Ah, well! My poor child! God has been very patient with you. Say three Hail Marys now. And God bless you."

And I was hardly through the act of contrition before his hand lifted in the *Absolvo te* . . . and the slide drew. I came out of the confessional trembling with fury. Three miserable, miserly, paltry Hail Marys! After years of defiance! The thing was fantastic! I fumed at the humiliation of it! Under the vast dome, in that great town of St. Peter's, I felt as minute as a Lilliputian. And then I realized the infinite kindness of the man, and I was overcome with emotion.

A bell tinkled. A woman kneeling on the marble beside me fluttered her fan under her face and breathed out a loving "*O vivo pan del Ciel.*" Out of the corner of my eye I saw the girl whom I had seen grinning back at her lover when she entered the box. She was looking at the altar with dilated eyes. In those seconds I knew that I was caught, and caught forever. I was lost or saved,

according as you happen to look at it. People approached the altar. The Light of the World became flesh of their flesh, I was present at the greatest drama in all the world, in all eternity. *Ecce Agnus Dei.* . . .

As I stood in the too-great heat and brilliance of noon on the steps before the portico I looked about me for Signor Cipolla—it was he who had done this to me. The little dark figures made the piazza into a plain. He was a grain of sand. He was a drop of rain. I would never see him again. I shall always remember him with affection. The obelisk cast no shadow. From a peddler I bought a rosary. A *carozza* was unburdening itself of three American soldiers. I took it and bade the cabby drive to the Janiculum. As we passed the Garibaldi monument he lifted his whip.

"See," he grinned, "he looks defiantly towards the Vatican!"

I looked up at the old bearded guerrilla in his roundy hat glaring sideways at St. Peter's. Then I looked at the cabby.

"You are a Catholic?" I asked him.

He seemed aggrieved at the question. "*Naturalmentel.*"

We climbed out and leaned over the balustrade and surveyed the roofs of Rome, over which the heated air formed a quivering mirage.

Either/Or

IF the world is bad, let the H-bomb destroy the world. If the world is good, let the world destroy the H-bomb.

Pandit Nehru in *Newsweek* (20 Feb. '50).

*A boy's personal tragedy sums up the greater tragedy
of a whole race*

Broken Nose

By RICHARD H.
HUNGERFORD



Broken Heart

Condensed from
*Occupational Education**

WHEN I was very young and went to Detroit to teach, I was sent to a school on Hershey Ave. Most large cities have a Hershey Ave., far out from town and crouching in the shadow of some huge factory or warehouse; a street where men of little means and fewer hopes have settled with life for a meager house with extended payments. In London and New York and Detroit, in the 20's and the 40's as in the years following the Civil war, no doubt, the houses have been built with a foot squeezed off here and there and not one carved cornice to serve as token of a human hope.

I soon formed a Scout troop. I did not teach those youngsters much scouting—I still am incapable of tying a bowline knot—but we did have a grand time. We gave a Christmas party to which the fathers and mothers came and brought cakes and stood around and watched the shining eyes. We went on hikes. One Sunday we used up all our matches trying to light a fire and had to

bring our suitcase of hamburgers home uncooked. Nobody ever became an Eagle Scout; but the boys stayed in school, and the older ones even read *Ivanhoe* and learned all the presidents "with dates in office and principal events," for what purpose, I no longer am quite sure.

In March, we decided to go on an overnight hike out to Rochester. We could have gone to Europe with less planning and slightly less food. We even discussed taking along Henry Emschwiller's police dog; but wiser judgment, not mine, prevailed.

We arrived at the park about sunset. We had forgotten to plan time to gather fuel by daylight. However, it was wonderful to see the park at sunset, and I still am thankful we had the sense to waste a minute to look. In case you don't know, you come upon the park without warning. You get off the bus, and all of a sudden you are standing on the crest of a gigantic bluff. The land has just fallen away from you, and you are looking through the oak openings a long way down to a little

brook, and then, far below, to the village, its tiny houses softened by the snow, and only the steeples of the churches clear against the setting sun.

Led by Tony, the older boy, we gathered the wood, not nearly enough, of course, and we lighted a prodigal fire. We put up comforting though useless barriers against the wind, and we cooked the inevitable hot dogs. We told stories, tales from my village with its roots in the frontier, stories brought by the boys' fathers from Poland, Italy, Russia, and Scotland. All of them were stories from a world that knew a tomorrow. Every once in a while someone would get up, ostensibly to get an extra log for the fire, but actually to stand a moment at the edge of the circle and feel the warmth of coming back.

How it happened, I still don't know. Johnnie had gone on such an errand and, slipping, apparently had hit his nose against a half-buried stone. A cursory examination showed that the nose was broken; and it seemed wise for me to take Johnnie to a doctor.

We stopped the flow of blood, and, leaving Tony in charge, Johnnie, Anton and I started out to walk the two miles to the village. We said very little. As I look back, I am afraid I was somewhat fearful of a lawsuit. In the village, some farmers, gathered for a little gossiping, were kind enough to get us, after some misdirection, to a doctor.

The doctor's house, in which he had his office, was old and rambling, with worn linoleum, and doors and windows that did not quite fit and rattled incessantly. The doctor was young and very brusque. He made no offer to help Anton and me disentangle Johnnie from his coats and scarfs. He stood aloof, listening without comment to my hurried, and not too coherent, account of who we were and what had happened.

In a businesslike way the doctor put the boy on the operating table under an unshaded bulb and removed the packing from his nose. With a very professional air he squinted up Johnnie's nostrils. Then he looked again for a long time, so long that I became worried, thinking of some permanent damage. Nor did the doctor relieve my mind. In fact, he questioned me at length concerning myself and the troop and the general make-up of the neighborhood. The tape nose protector was soon adjusted; but still he questioned me for so long and in such detail that I became angry.

Seeing this, the man left Johnnie on the table under the unshaded bulb and took me into an adjoining room whose door swung partly open as soon as it was closed. He motioned me into a chair, sat down opposite, offered me a cigarette, and lit one for himself. I could hear the case-ments rattle and, in the other room, the two boys talking. I thought of the camp's meager supply of wood. Yet I dared not break away.

"Better get a foolproof release as soon as you get back!" the doctor said. "I guess you don't know it, but the kid's a nigger—and you know how they'll bleed you.

"You can always tell a nigger by the nose structure," he added.

I paid the man, but I could not think. If I had thought of them at all, I always had thought of black people as black, just the same as white people were white and farmers were farmers and teachers were teachers. Actually, though I was 20, I am not sure I ever had thought of anybody as a person different or lower than myself.

I went back into the operating room—and knew instantly that both boys had heard the doctor's words. Anton stood at the foot of the table, idly turning the pages of an old magazine. I never have forgotten; it was *Harper's* for Christmas, 1923. And Johnnie was getting into one of his coats; but his eyes were watching for mine.

I still do not know whether it is fact or fancy that you can tell a man's color by his nose. I did find out that Johnnie was an adopted child, that his mother was a huge woman who reeked of talcum and lavished her undisciplined affections upon the boy. The father was an expert craftsman from Europe, a heavy yet solitary drinker who worked long hours downtown and was practically unknown in the neighborhood. It is perfectly possible that Johnnie had Negro blood; but I

doubt if he or his foster parents suspected it.

These things I found out later; as I walked the few feet across the floor, I saw what happens when a white boy turns into a black one. I saw a common, general fear of life turn into a particular, concentrated one. I got to Johnnie; and, though I was properly trained in modern pedagogy and knew that one never should interfere in the personal development of another and that *laissez-faire* is wonderful for children, if not for adults, I could not forbear to help Johnnie on with his final reefer.

Outside, the streets were just the same. The loungers still waited outside the movie house. (They were showing *The Big Parade*, a picture which pointed out the futility of war.) Behind the lighted windows the families of countrymen and villagers still were chatting and shopping. And overhead the same stars were shining from the same positions.

Back at camp there was no great change either. The fire was piled a little higher and the talk was a little shriller. The three of us returned to our old places at the campfire; there was 15 minutes to wait for the bus that would take Johnnie and me back to town. The boys who had remained made a great deal of Johnnie; but he and I could only watch each other.

Finally I suggested cocoa; and the boys, who felt the strain they could

not understand, made and served the beverage quickly. But when Anton asked for a second cup, there was none left. Johnnie however, who had barely tasted his drink, offered to share it with Anton. Anton hesitated. And the moment stopped and grew until even the dumbest boy could feel it. And when it could not be put back into nothingness again, Anton went into the shadows; and we could hear him sobbing.

Like some frightened wild thing—the perfection of the figure had never before struck me—Johnnie was off, running up the bluff. And, as I paused to give a few directions to Tony, I was hopelessly outdistanced. I cried out to Johnnie to stop, and saw him pause for a second, silhouetted against the bluff's crest; but when I came to the top, the bus, which he had signaled to stop, was just moving off.

We all returned to the city that night. As we packed, Anton was inconsolable, Anton who was raised amid profanity and obscenity and dirt and was openly taunted by his father with being illegitimate. "I never meant to hurt him," Anton

kept moaning. And I comforted the boy as best I could, torn by our mutual helplessness and involvement in life's complexities.

I never saw Johnnie again. I went to his house that night; but his mother said it was too late, and so undoubtedly it was. I went twice again, each time fruitlessly; and in two weeks the family had left the neighborhood. "Moved, can't locate," was on the attendance report. I like to think that Johnnie wanted me to remember him as happy, not that he thought I had failed him. It is one of the questions, however, I shall not have answered here.

In the 25 years since I last saw Johnnie, I have not learned a way to make a boy understand why a bone in his nose may affect his chances for employment or his feeling at ease in coming to see me if I live at a "good address." I have had time, however, to wish I had talked to Johnnie, not to mislead him about the importance of noses in the world as it is, but simply to say, no matter how haltingly, that every man has his own peculiar nose which somehow he must try to see beyond.

ALFRED E. SMITH used to enjoy showing visitors the Empire State building, but his patience was sorely tried by irrelevant questions.

Smith answered most of them patiently, but one day, toward the end of a tour, a lady in the elevator asked, "Suppose the elevator cables would break, would we go up or down?"

"That, my dear woman," he snapped, "depends entirely upon the kind of life you've been leading."

Elmer Picard in *Everybody's Digest* (May '50).

And stay all day to play

Come Over in Our Back Yard

By LOUISE PRICE BELL

A WELL-GROOMED back yard is a fine sight. But not when it is kept so neat that it can't be used by your children and their friends. Any mother would rather hear the shouts of lively children playing in the back yard than be surrounded with quiet, have the yard in perfect order, and her children somewhere else!

The family with a large yard and an ample income has no back-yard problem at all. You can buy delightful playground ensembles. But families with smaller yards and incomes may feel that a home playground is out of the question for them.

It doesn't have to be. Suppose you live in a tiny house with only a patch of a back yard. Suppose you use the yard almost entirely as a vegetable garden. Fresh beets and carrots are mighty fine, but if your back yard is not large enough for two crops, it is more important that you raise your children in the area than prize-winning tubers.

Sand piles are fun through a surprisingly wide age range. Dump a pile of sand in a remote corner and use any lumber you can find to

keep it within bounds. A coat of green paint will dress up the lumber, making the boards inconspicuous against the green of the lawn. Its only purpose is to keep the sand in more or less of a pile.

You can make a seesaw easily and inexpensively by laying a 12-inch plank over a carpenter's horse, or over three pieces of gas pipe joined to form a flattened arch. Paint plank and support green or some other gay color. Every child enjoys a rope swing, and if there is a tree in the yard, attach a stout rope to a lateral limb. If you have no tree, use two vertical pieces of pipe or wood and another and shorter piece of the same material. Anchor the vertical pieces firmly in the ground. Attach a rope to the cross-bar, notch a smooth, wide board for the seat, and you have your swing. You can make a merry-go-round from a discarded wagon wheel. It won't be beautiful, but the youngsters will travel all over the world on it by the imagination route.

According to safety experts' tests, green is the logical color for slides. It is popular, it counteracts excessive bright sunlight, and is restful to children's eyes. The steps leading

to the slides, however, are easier to see when painted yellow. The contrast between the two colors attracts the small fry's attention to the steps and lessens stumbling on the up-trip. Green is also the best color to use for teeter-totters, but it's a good idea to paint the edges yellow for greater visibility. Use the same green on uprights and overhead bars, on swings and swing rings. But paint the seats yellow, so that children will more easily notice them and not bump into them. In this way you can make your home playground safe as well as jolly, and you will have an attractive color scheme.

The children can enjoy tennis and badminton, if you just stretch a net across the yard and supply the players with balls and bats from the dime store. If the price of nets seems prohibitive, make the nets by sewing gunny sacks together and attaching pieces of clothesline at the ends.

Inexpensive croquet sets may be put up anywhere in the yard where there is room, and where the ground is fairly level. Croquet is always a favorite.

No concrete driveway was ever harmed by having hopscotch diagrams chalked on it, and a hosing will remove the chalk in a jiffy. Discarded rubber heels seem to be the favorite "scotches" in our family. One father, a shuffleboard enthusiast, painted a shuffleboard form on his driveway, and, for pushers,

cut off discarded brooms to the firm woven part. Then he got some oblong (instead of round) blocks at his neighborhood lumberyard. The game was just as much fun as the one with curved pushers and round disks, and the youngsters learned to be real players, while the father spent all his spare time trying to defeat them.

Our grandmothers played beanbags, but the game is still popular. It consists of beanbags and a board supported easel style. The board may be merely the top from a wooden box, with large nails at intervals and rubber jar rings used instead of beanbags; or it may be a large replica of one of the popular comic-strip characters with his eyes, nose and mouth the openings for the beanbags. In either case, paint under each peg or hole the number scored by "making" it. And sew gay coverings for the beanbags from the scraps of cotton that are left over when you make aprons and house dresses.

Then there are wading pools, both permanent and collapsible lawn showers, and playhouses. All make the back yard merry. By all means, have a fireplace if possible, for it will pay off in long summer evenings of real enjoyment. Outdoor fireplaces can be as elaborate as you wish, and you can obtain instructions for making them from any garden magazine. But for years, our family had a perfectly corking time with a fireplace that

was just a hollow square. It was built from leftover bricks found in a dark corner of our basement; the youngsters laid the bricks themselves; and no better hamburgers, wienies; or steak strips ever came from an ultraswanky one.

Set up a roughly built table and benches for outdoor eating in your back yard, and use it during the summer months and on crisp fall evenings. A long table can be made by the handy man of the family from long planks fastened together on crossed legs. Paint or stain the table, and even old lumber will look spanking new. Benches can be made in the same way: one plank for the top, crossbars below. Once you have such an outdoor eating

setup, you'll be having more outdoor meals. The food is on the table in a minute, with everyone helping. You need fewer dishes, and meals taste extra good in the open air. The children will love the outdoor table and benches for their school, church and Scout group get-togethers, and it will save much wear and tear on the house if their friends are entertained outside.

Playing is important to parents as well as to youngsters. The play spirit is a leavening agent in family life and as essential to it as yeast is to bread. In homes where the play spirit is prominent, youngsters will not be looking for some other place to go. Instead, they'll be saying, "Come over in our back yard!"

Production by Popovitch

ALL the five year plans thought up by Stalin have not managed to provide each Russian with a fork and spoon. And you can't eat with a hammer and sickle.

Contributed.



*T*wo Russians were discussing the chances of war. One said that if it came, Russia would win.

"As soon as we develop the atom bomb, we will send six or seven agents to America, each with an atomic bomb in a suitcase. They will set off their bombs simultaneously in the great cities. That will finish the war."

"We couldn't do that," said the second Russian.

"Why? Don't you think we shall have the atomic bombs?"

"Oh, we'll have the bombs," replied the skeptic. "But where are we going to get the suitcases?"

Magazine Digest (Dec. '49)

Their balos don't fit so well, but that's because they are larger than expected

These Are the American Priests

By LEO TRESE

Condensed from a book*



FATHER TED has just called to invite me along with other priest friends of his to his Forty Hours closing next Tuesday night. I'll most certainly be there. For me, such occasions are not lightly to be missed. I love the fellowship and the friendly banter; the atrocious insults that conceal friendly affection; the tongue-in-cheek praise that helps keep feet on the ground.

The usual crowd will be there: talkative Dave, who is the world's surest cure for the blues; quick and excitable Don, who will argue heatedly about my right to bump the pot a nickel, but would give me his last dollar if I needed it; quiet and sensible Pete, with a solid shoulder to cry on when griping is the order of the day; easygoing, there's-always-tomorrow Ray, to make one's worries seem silly. They'll all be there, and a few others besides; each making his own contribution to the sense of fraternity known to no other body of men in the world.

There'll be bottles on the sideboard, and ice and glasses. We'll pour a libation before sitting down to dinner. I'll look around the table at the faces that have been aging, with mine, through the years. With a sense of brotherhood that is never stronger than at a Forty Hours dinner, I'll be thinking again how much akin to the ancient Agape this meal must be.

With loosened belts we'll move into the living room, where the conversation will rise and fall, alternating between trivial and serious things. There'll be discussion of our vacation plans, maybe, and someone's tough marriage case, and probable diocesan appointments, and current building programs, and all the rest that goes to make up a clerical bull session. Then at ten to eight we'll hoist ourselves to don cassocks and surplices and troop over to the sacristy with breviaries in hand. The visiting missionary, as usual, will preach to the accompaniment of rustling pages, stealthily turned.

We'll find our places in the sanctuary, kneeling on the hard floor because there aren't enough *prie-dieu* to go around. Father Joe or maybe Jim will lead in the telling of the beads. The missionary will deliver his sermon, and there'll be a bit of a mechanical ring to it because he's given it so often. Jerry, the perennial chanter of the crowd, will intone the litany, and there'll be the slightly ragged chorus of responses in tenor, bass, and baritone.

Then down the aisle we'll go, leading Him whom at other times we so stumbly follow. We'll spill wax on our cassocks and proceed by fits and starts as the Holy Name men squeeze their way through the narrow side aisles. We'll be a motley-looking group, with our heads of black or grey (or bald); tall and short, fat and lean. But we'll thrill with a common heart to the faith of the congregation; and we'll think, like absent parents, of our own flock back home, wondering the while whether we have been giving them our best. We'll feel an unaccustomed sense of compunction at our failings, and we'll return through the altar gates with a renewed avowal of loyalty to the Master of whom we are, so literally, the Bodyguard. And as He turns, in the hands of the dean, to impart His benediction, we'll pray, each of us, that His blessing may not stop within the walls of this church, but that His compassionate eyes may be also upon our

own people, to remedy by His grace what we have so ill performed in our frailty.

"Holy God, we praise thy Name" will ring out fit to make the votive-lights dance in their sockets, and we'll be back in the rectory, momentarily subdued by the thoughts we have thought and the grace that has touched our hearts. But the tempo of talk will quickly pick up, and the cards and chips will come out for the game of five-and-ten which will round out the evening. Perhaps the folks who saw us gathered half an hour ago around the altar might be surprised to see us now gathered around the green table. But as I glance at the priests about me, relaxed for the moment, I'll recall again, with the knowledge of close friendship, their dogged perseverance and self-conquests through the years; their fidelities which ever have been stronger than their weaknesses; their hidden love which far outweighs their lapses. Remembering, I'll feel proud again to be one of them—proud, and humbly grateful. And, oddly enough, I'll feel confident that Christ still is in the midst of us.

It will be midnight before I turn my car homeward, probably with beer on my breath. I'll be well aware that I haven't spent the evening in the company of saints; else I should never have felt so much at home. I'll realize quite clearly that it would be better if we all were saints, and spent the evening in pious converse

and abstemious simplicity. But we aren't saints. Yet there's grace of another kind in our companionship. Through the months and the years, my priest friends have been the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night which have kept me, under God, inching forward.

It almost seems that saints are born of God's necessity to combat evil. The great wonder-workers arise when all else about seems to be on the road to hell. Maybe there's comfort in the fact that we haven't any American saints; maybe we aren't bad enough yet to need them.

No doubt other priests, too, get discouraged at their mediocre level of sanctity. Especially when they look back along the path, as I so often find myself doing, and see the series of shattered resolutions: meditation, mortification, spiritual reading, nobly instituted and soon neglected; begun again and once more forgotten; determination so firm and perseverance so flabby. Well, I suppose the important thing

is to keep pushing, pushing, pushing. Two steps forward and one step back. Anyway, we do fill our churches on Sunday. And the men come as well as the women.

Some saints are hard to classify; even the Breviary has to use negatives to get all the saints into the Common: some were *not* bishops or *not* virgins or *not* martyrs.

An impish thought strikes me. Maybe the Americans are taken care of that way. An absurd vision rises before my eyes: a vision of St. Peter showing a visitor through heaven, pointing out reverently the mansions of the holy pastors of souls, the doctors and the confessors and the apostles and the abbots; and coming finally to a blissful throng, looking still a bit harried in their happiness, with halos definitely ill-fitting. And St. Peter, not quite able to conceal his own puzzled wonderment, pointing them out to the visitor: "These are the American priests." God grant that I may be among them!



The Average Worker's Weekly Salary Buys

In Russia

17 lbs. sugar
5 lbs. butter
25 quarts milk
24 loaves bread
12 lbs. beef

In Great Britain

282 lbs. sugar
84 lbs. butter*
133 quarts milk
151 loaves bread
87 lbs. beef**

In U. S. A.

500 lbs. sugar
68 lbs. butter
276 quarts milk
400 loaves bread
82 lbs. beef

* Rationed to 3 ounces per week per person.

** Rationed to 17 cents worth per week per person.

*Some are peculiar, but they help to make him
the best-informed person in the world*

The Pope's Visitors

By CAMILLE M. CIANFARRA

Condensed from the *New York Times Magazine**



WHEN Pius XII, who sees hundreds of thousands of persons a year, was urged, in the interests of his health, to grant fewer audiences, he refused. "Audiences," he said, "are the Pope's window on the world." Holy Year pilgrimages in 1950 will mean more audiences than ever before.

It is likely that most visitors have thought more of what they would receive than of anything they might have to give. And thousands have little to give beyond deference and respect.

But it is a different matter with the statesmen, diplomats, industrialists, politicians, and journalists the Pope receives in private audiences. From these men the Pope often gets "inside information" on important questions. These men provide him with the frame for his window.

Information the Pope gains from private conversations augments that he receives from newspapers and

confidential reports from all over the world, and helps shape the many conclusions he makes known through less

formal audiences. A great many pronouncements on questions laymen consider "political" have been made in speeches to visitors. Some of the most important have been reserved for the solemn reception the Pontiff grants to cardinals residing in Rome when on the day before Christmas they extend to him their greetings.

On that day, in 1939, Pope Pius enunciated the principles on which peace should be based. He enlarged upon them on the same occasion in subsequent years. The views he stated are still the basis of the Catholic conception of peace.

Last November he received a group of Italian lawyers, and, in a speech formally addressed to them, he urged Catholic judges throughout the world not to pass sentences based on laws the Church considers

unjust. It was a far-reaching speech meant to encourage Catholic judges to aid the faithful on trial for breaking anti-Church laws.

That same month he informed members of the U. S. Senate Military Appropriations subcommittee that he favored the U. S. arms program for Western Europe—provided, of course, rearmament was only to prevent Soviet aggression.

These and innumerable other statements on such varied subjects as artificial insemination, divorce, emigration, sociology, philosophy, and science have been made in addresses, sometimes to only small groups.

Whatever the Pontiff says has immediate repercussions throughout the world. Bishops study and interpret his speeches and issue instructions to their clergy. Parish priests base sermons on them and also explain the papal views to their parishioners in private conversations.

Very often, especially in Catholic countries, such explanation has important political results. One such was the victory of the pro-Catholic Christian Democratic party in the Italian national elections of April, 1948. Another was the approval by the UN General Assembly last year of a resolution advocating an international rule for Jerusalem, in accordance with terms which were set forth in several encyclicals.

There are four types of papal audiences: solemn, general, special, and private. Solemn audiences are for official visits of heads of state, prime

ministers, newly appointed diplomats and, on certain occasions, for the Sacred College of Cardinals. The general audience is for the thousands who crowd into the great halls to see the Pope and receive his blessing. Sometimes special audiences are granted to scores of people, but more often to small groups, couples or single individuals; the Pontiff talks for a few minutes to each of his guests standing in separate parlors.

It is at the private audiences that Pius has a chance to ask questions. A few minutes before 9 A.M. he goes to his official study and summons the Master of the Chamber, who gives him the list of private appointments and some background on the visitors. On their arrival the visitors are escorted to the study by Secret Chamberlains of the Cape and Sword, who wear black, gold-embroidered uniforms. Platoons of the Palatine Guard of Honor line the hall named after that corps and stand rigidly at attention. Noble Guards in dark blue tunics and knee breeches render military honors on the threshold of every parlor. In the Secret antechamber, the room that immediately precedes the study, the visitors are met by the Master of the Chamber, who quietly ushers them into the Pope's presence.

The audience granted to a layman usually lasts about 20 minutes. The Pope sits behind a long mahogany desk placed immediately at the right of the door and facing the rectangular, soberly furnished room. On one

end of the desk are two large boxes of rosaries and medals which the Pope invariably offers to his guests with his blessing at the end of the conversation.

Pius' profound culture, wide experience, and contacts with people from all walks of life make him an exceptionally well-informed conversationalist. Visitors may be awed at first in the presence of the leader of a great spiritual empire, but they soon feel at ease. Instead of an aloof, cold or formally polite sovereign, they find a completely unaffected, cordial, and kindly man who appears engrossed in what they have to say. The quick intuition of his sharply trained mind prompts a rapid-fire question and answer dialogue. The Pope, after the visitor has said only a few words, fully understands the explanation and is already asking another question.

Americans who request audiences range from four-star generals to sailors and Texas cowboys. Their requests are handled by Franklin C. Gowen, assistant to the former personal representative of the President to the Pope. Gowen writes an average of ten letters a day to the office of the papal Master of the Chamber, giving the name, position, address, and the length of time the visitor will be in Rome. Usually private or special audiences are granted within three or four days and a printed invitation is delivered by hand to the applicant.

The general audience, held once a

week, is usually at noon. As the bells toll, Pius appears on the threshold of the huge, austere Hall of Benediction extending above the portico of Saint Peter's basilica. The crowd awaiting him is as cosmopolitan a group as one may find in the foyer of a UN building.

Blond, open-faced north-European peasant women wearing white-laced veils flank tall, self-conscious, grave American girls on conducted tours; black-eyed Italian mothers with rompered children fan themselves with the admission ticket; priests, nuns, seminarists, and the faithful of many nationalities press and strain to reach the temporary wooden barriers which form a wide aisle from the door to the throne down the center of the hall. This hall has on one side the spacious balcony where the Pope appears on solemn occasions to give his blessing to the city and to the world.

Borne aloft on the gestatorial chair, the Pontiff appears to float slightly above the crowd. Ten husky attendants in magenta knee breeches and tunics slowly carry the chair on their shoulders down the aisle. The Pope turns smilingly from one side to the other, and blesses prayer books, rosaries, crucifixes, and other religious objects held up by the kneeling faithful. A layman in full dress walks backward towards the throne, facing the Pontiff. Sometimes a note is handed to Pius by a pilgrim. Without a pause in his incessant blessing or an interruption in

his smile, he hands it to his black-frocked attendant. It is usually a supplication which the Pope will later see to personally. Shouts of "*Viva il Papa*" and handclapping ring through the oblong hall as the Pope alights from the chair and pauses a moment to smooth the back of his white tunic before he sits on the throne.

The papal Master of Ceremonies motions for silence and the Pontiff speaks briefly. His remarks are usually addressed to some groups of pilgrims to be honored that day. They have come from afar and many are seeing the Pope for the first time. Sometimes Pius seizes the occasion of a general audience to speak not only to his visitors but to the world, on subjects that particularly occupy him at that moment.

Then in Italian, French, German, English, and Spanish, the Pope gives his blessing. The audience is not yet over, however. Before leaving, the Pontiff walks over to some of the groups just inside the wooden enclosure and talks to them briefly, or imparts a special blessing to infants held high above the crowd by imploring mothers. The pilgrims again cheer and shout with religious fervor.

During the present Holy Year this scene will be repeated not once but two and probably three times a week, to satisfy the tens of thousands who are scheduled to come to Rome.

The courtyard is the hub of Vatican City and the square vestibule of

the Apostolic Palace where the Pope lives. On its left, immediately beyond an arched gateway that breaks gracefully the massive line of the inclosing walls, are two elevators. They stop at the glass-enclosed loggia leading to the official apartment of Pius XII on the second floor. There, in the sumptuous parlors and halls, one finds visitors from all corners of the earth. There are cardinals in flowing vermilion robes, bishops in purple, diplomats and noblemen in full dress and glittering decorations, ladies in severe long-sleeved black dresses and mantillas of fine lace, groups of priests, nuns, and friars, soldiers and sailors, white-turbaned Indians, poker-faced Orientals—the men punctiliously dressed in black, the women in their long, tight-fitting national costumes.

The behavior of visitors is often unpredictable, especially that of Americans. Despite years crammed with experience, members of the papal household who escort the Pope during audiences are still surprised at Americans' informal approach. But the Pontiff himself has never been seen to bat an eye, regardless of what his guests did or said.

There was that time when Pius received the Allied war correspondents a few days after liberation and found himself face to face with Mrs. Eleanor Packard, American news representative, nattily dressed in GI slacks! Mrs. Packard's personal effects were still somewhere on the Appian Way between Anzio and

Rome. She managed to reach the Consistorial Hall with the connivance of her colleagues, who formed a human screen and walked her past the searching eyes of Swiss, Palatine, and Noble Guards, papal attendants, and Secret Chamberlains.

She was discovered, however, when the correspondents were asked to stand in a circle around the room. Two Chamberlains were just about to throw her out when the Pope arrived and immediately began to speak to each correspondent in turn. As he reached Mrs. Packard, Pius gave her a quick glance and said, "We see that you are an American."

But the worst was yet to come. After the Pontiff had delivered a brief speech of welcome, the correspondents crowded around him and photographers got busy. Pius blinked at the flashbulbs as he imparted the blessing. One news photographer who had been reloading his camera missed the scene.

"Pope," he shouted, "I didn't catch the blessing. Please do it again."

There was dead silence. Even the correspondents gasped. The Master of the Chamber, the Secret Chamberlains, the Noble Guards, their faces taut and pale, stood open-mouthed and petrified. The Pope looked at the photographer and perhaps remembered his visit to the U. S. in 1936 when, as papal Secretary of State, he had faced batteries of cameramen throughout the trip.

He slowly raised his arm, and obliged.

Charles MacArthur, author and playwright, has told the story about the movie magnate who gave the Pope a portable field altar as a gift. It was neat and compact, made of finely carved ivory-studded rosewood, complete with tabernacle, solid-gold ciborium, silver candlesticks, cruets for wine and water and even a lunette.

Pius looked at it for quite a while, for even a Pope must have time to recover from shock, then said, "It's very nice. We thank you."

"My Hollywood friend," MacArthur used to say, "probably thought a portable altar would be useful on picnics."

Not always, however, do visitors surprise the Pope. Sometimes it is the other way around. Vatican attendants fondly recall how the Pope deflated the ego of a world-famous American movie star. For days the Roman newspapers had been publishing his picture and columns on his doings. After the actor had kissed the ring, Pius blithely asked, "And what is your profession, my son?"

But the Pope himself had a similar experience a few weeks later. An elderly Presbyterian mother of an American diplomat in Rome was granted a special audience. She was escorted to a parlor and told to wait. She saw several people dressed in strange costumes go through. Some would come over from time to time and tell her that His Holiness would

be free to see her in just a few minutes.

After a while a tall, thin man dressed in white entered the parlor and began talking to her. He asked her where she came from and whether she was enjoying her Roman visit.

The woman explained that she wanted to see the Pope because

many of her friends were Catholics and had given her some rosaries to be blessed.

"We shall bless them," said the white-clad man.

A startling thought flashed across the lady's mind.

"Excuse me," she stammered out, "but are you the Pope?"

"Yes, I am," Pius said gently.

How the Carp Were Communized

CARP is the traditional Christmas-eve dish in Poland.

An enterprising private dealer, trying to stock up for the Christmas season, visited a state farm in November. The farm had 650 acres of arable land and a 50-acre lake well stocked with carp. He found the manager of the farm at a table piled with books and printed questionnaires, preparing a report to the statistical section of the state agricultural board.

The fish dealer offered to buy the carp from the lake and quoted a favorable price. "Unfortunately," the manager replied, "I can sell in the free market only what is left over after the prescribed quota of fish has been delivered to the fish center. I will not have a single fish, as I cannot spare the time for draining the lake and catching them. I have to fulfill my sowing plan, or else I will be arrested as a saboteur."

"What? You want to sow in late November?"

"Of course! According to the plan, there are 150 acres that still have to be sown with rye. If the rye does not grow, that is another matter. At any rate, I won't have to start worrying about that until next year."

"Why didn't you sow it before?"

"Well, you see, I cannot pay the wages of my laborers until I get the money from the agricultural board. There was some mix-up at the regional office, and they were many weeks in arrears. To carry on, I cut down the oats for my seven horses and sold the rest of the oats on the free market so as to be able to pay the men. But then, three horses starved, and plowing was delayed."

"Well, then, what about the fish? I would pay you a good price."

"Yes, and then I would get three years in a labor camp for selling them. It will be simpler to let the fish freeze and then fill out form BG 7689 with attached record of loss due to natural causes."

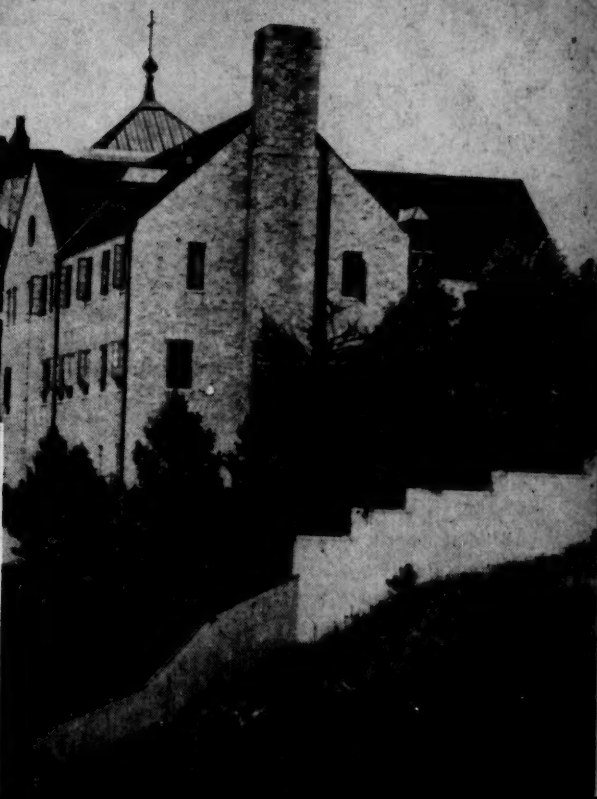
That is why Polish families no longer have carp for their Christmas-eve suppers.

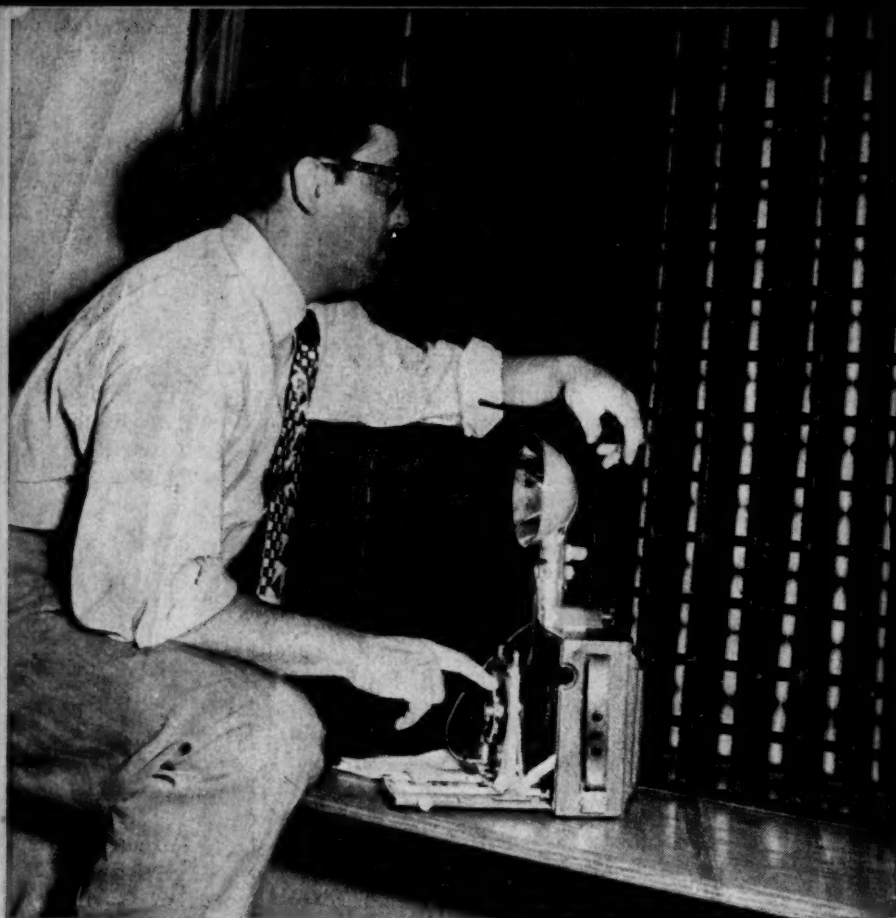
Stefan Gorski in *Plain Talk* (Jan. '50).

Camera in a Cloister

In the U. S., there are men and women who have set themselves apart from the routine of our worldly living. They are the Catholic Religious, serving God through penance, prayer,

and sacrifice. Their lives seem shrouded in mystery. Some Orders abide by strict rules. The Carmelites, for instance, thrill the world with their humility, manual labor, severe penances.





Ira Rosenberg had to instruct a nun he couldn't see, and who couldn't see him.

YOUNG WOMEN may join the nuns of the Carmelite Order to shut themselves from the materialistic world, but when necessity arises they can cope with anything that the modern world has to offer. Take, for instance, the Speed Graphic camera. The New York *Herald-Tribune* now knows that a little cloistered Sister can do almost as

good a job with a Speed Graphic as any veteran photographer.

The situation came about when Ira Rosenberg of the *Herald-Tribune* picture staff, and a young Catholic reporter named Francis Sugrue were sent by the *Tribune* editors to get photographs behind the walls of the Bronx, N. Y., Carmelite convent. This was an assignment never be-

fore accomplished. In fact, as far as could be determined, it had never before been tried. Newsmen knew the value of exclusive photos of the inner life of convent nuns, but to get pictures behind prohibited walls was the problem.

Mr. Rosenberg and Mr. Sugrue met the challenge. The reporter made an advance trip to the convent to meet the nuns and to pave the way for the story. He got what he could by talking through a screen to the nun who received him, never seeing her. Pictures seemed out of the question.

Slightly disappointed at getting only half the job done, Mr. Sugrue thought over the situation on his drive back to the newspaper office. Maybe, just maybe, there was a way out. At the office, he told Mr. Rosenberg. Together, they called the convent and talked with prioress Mother Marie.

"Was there anybody there who knew how to handle a Speed Graphic camera?"

Mother Marie checked the files. "No, there wasn't. But one of the nuns had taken pictures with a Brownie."

This whole thing seemed impossible to Ira Rosenberg. After all, he had had many years of experience taking pictures, and mastery of the Speed Graphic was considered art. How could a nun who wasn't in the least familiar with this type of camera hope to take a picture with no instructions?

"But," said Mother Marie, "Mother Joseph is very good at learning



Solitude even at recreation.

mechanics. Perhaps you could instruct her in a few minutes."

"This is ridiculous," thought Mr. Rosenberg. "Here is a nun behind a black curtain, a nun I can't even see, and I'm supposed to tell her in a few minutes how to work a Speed Graphic." Then, on second thought, he added, "Well, what have we got to lose besides my job and an expensive camera! Let's try it."

Mr. Rosenberg assembled his camera and passed it through to the nun on the other side of the wall. To do this it was necessary to place the camera in a revolving half-barrel-like wall-drawer. When this



In a work cell, holy cakes were being stamped and made ready for a Consecration.

was turned around, the camera was behind the wall. The nun gasped, "I've never seen anything like this. All these gadgets."

Mr. Rosenberg eyed the cloth-covered grille and began his instructions. With the lens pointed towards her, she began her lesson in the very fundamentals. When they came to the cocking arm, foot scale,

and aperture, the nun heaved a questioning sigh.

When, after several false attempts, the photographer nun, Mother Joseph, felt ready for action, Ira told her to turn the camera around, put a holder in with the black side outward, and do her best. The nun was still hesitant, but she breathed, "With God's help, we can do it."

For three hours Mother Joseph poked the Speed Graphic around in the secrecy of the convent. Pictures never before taken were being made available for the world. Into a nun's cell she went, then the chapel, then the kitchen, and the dining room. The shutter clicked to disturb a nun at work—to startle a Carmelite while she read. "And remember, there are to be no faces," was the

last word of the Mother Superior.

And Mother Joseph, the little nun who had used only a Brownie camera, took 18 exposures with the complicated Speed Graphic. She missed on only three. When the *Herald-Tribune* saw the results, they knew they had the scoop of the year. Instead of using the prints in their daily paper, the picture story was run in their weekly feature section,

Mother Joseph passed through the kitchen and snapped a picture of the cook.





the national *This Week Magazine*.

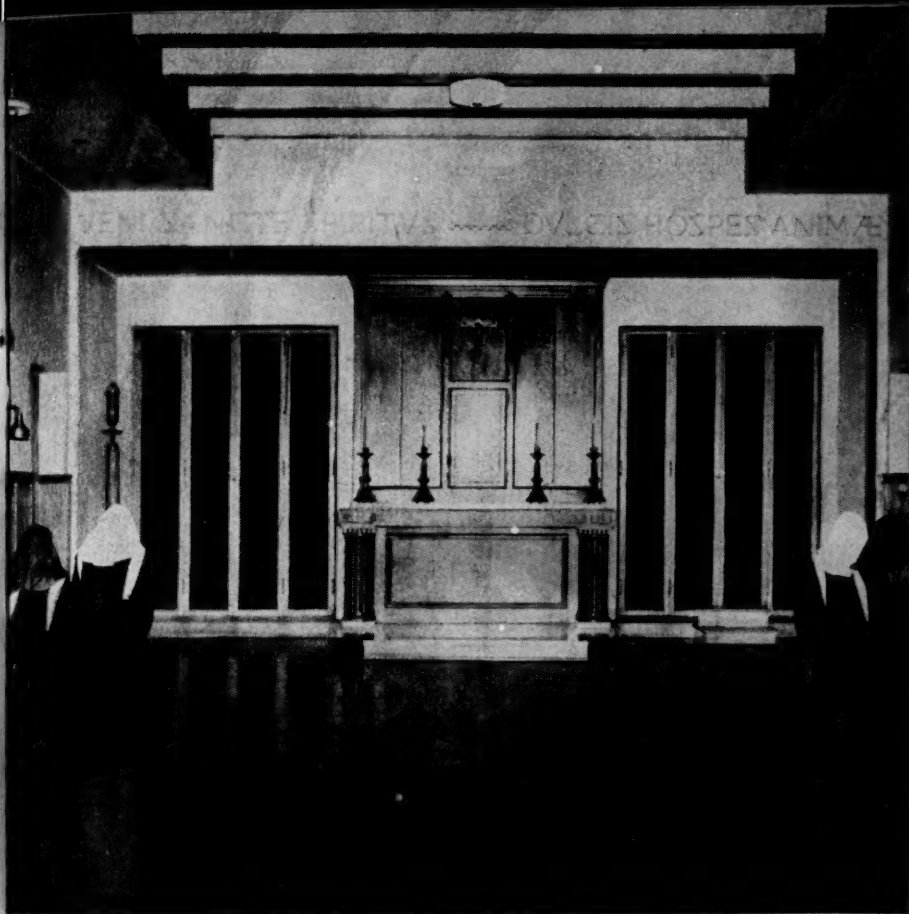
Now the outside world would see the externals at least of the Carmelite spirit. Here was the cloister, a place where women who came from the world threw aside the pleasures of its temporary shelter to devote their entire life to God. In the words of Father Alfred Barrett, S.J., "How can the name of Carmel die when, in this age of selfishness and sin, young virgins rush eagerly to gather the flowers of prayer upon its slopes, to pluck the bitter-sweet grapes of penance in its vineyard?"

The day of the Carmelite nuns begins at 4:40 A.M. with prayer and Mass. At 8 they have coffee and an ounce of bread before starting four and one-half hours of domestic work. Prayer and the Divine Office use up most of the afternoon and evening until they retire. Their supper and dinner are light. They never eat meat.

Recreation for the nuns amounts to a few minutes of getting together to talk. This is allowed after dinner or supper. For the other parts of the day, they must remain silent.

Can this life be important; can it be a success? Father Barrett, whose youngest sister is a Carmelite nun in the Bronx convent, knows the answer. "We measure success by the influence one exerts, by the public opinion one molds, by the destinies that one shapes. Who in all the world has more influence than a contemplative nun; influence with God by her prayers and over men

Ring the prayer bell.



*The priest says Mass behind a black screen.
He gives Communion through a small door.*

by her example? Is there any woman in philanthropy, teaching, or politics today who has more influence over our age than the Little Flower?"

To reporter Sugrue, Mother Marie confided, "We don't have any melancholy here. We live in solitude, but," she quickly added, "we don't accept anyone who has an unhealthy love for solitude. There is a

dominant note of gaiety in the convent. We live in the joy of the Lord."

Each convent is limited to 21 nuns. These nuns depend on charity for their support. If all of the applications for Carmelite convent life by American girls were accepted, twice the number of convents would be necessary to house the postulants.



*The camera catches the peaceful quiet
of a nun's cell—nothing to distract.*

A girl who chooses, and is chosen by, the Carmelites must first make long preparation to become Christ's bride. That eventful wedding day, the day she shuts herself from the world, is the happiest in the young girl's life. This is the last time she can face the camera—the last smile that will be recorded for the world. Only members of her family will

again see her face, and then for just one hour once a month. To other visitors, the cloistered nun is merely a soft voice.

From her wedding day on her thoughts, smiles, hopes will be directed to her Spouse. Like the cover bride of Christ on this *Digest*, she leaves her friends and lowers the curtain on the puppet society outside.

*Big-league baseball calls for watching such things
as the twitching of forearm muscles*

I'd Rather Catch

By BIRDIE TEBBETTS

Condensed from the
*Atlantic Monthly**

I BEGAN major-league catching with the Detroit Tigers under Mickey Cochrane, the game's greatest competitor. It was four years before I played in my first and only World Series. Bobo Newsom, one of baseball's great characters and travelers, sparked us to the pennant by winning 21 games. We played the Cincinnati Reds and lost after seven dismal games. I told myself I wasn't nervous in my first game of that series. But I was, as I realized when I attempted a pick-off play at second base with Dick Bartell. I threw the ball into center field.

Our manager, Del Baker, one of the brainiest men in baseball, was a great sign-stealer. But in that World Series sign-stealing didn't help. We knew every pitch the Reds' pitchers were going to throw, yet lost. Catcher Jimmy Wilson was giving away the pitches by twitching his forearm muscles when he called a curve. When the muscles were still, the pitch was a fast ball.

Signals are very important but they must be simple. They are of no value if they are so difficult that

George (Birdie) Tebbetts of the Boston Red Sox was voted last year by the fans the most popular catcher in the American league. It was his 13th year of major-league baseball. After 44 months in the Army Air Forces he returned to the diamond rusty and, some thought, past his peak. But he has made a remarkable recovery, and today there is no keener, quicker mind behind the plate.

they take the pitcher's mind off the situation. They can be given with the hand, fingers, glove, feet, from the count on the scoreboard, or by the pitcher.

The catcher must not let the opposition steal his signs; he must also watch his teammates so that they won't give away the signal by shifting their weight; but most important, he must watch how his manager maneuvers his teammates into different positions for each batter, and from these moves learn what the manager wants him to do.

I try to let every player know what pitch I have signaled for. The second baseman and shortstop get it direct from me and relay it to the other fielders. It takes just a couple of seconds for everyone on the team to know the pitch. There's an advantage in giving them an added jump on the pitched ball.

I also try to let the umpire know the pitch. In a close game with the count three and two a tip-off prepares him for what is coming and he will be set to make the call. Because I work next to the umpire, my relationship with him is an honest one. My beefs are legitimate and I try not to prolong them. Umpires are sensitive, and proud of their work.

It is surprising how many major-league catchers develop faulty habits that offer tips to the opposition. To protect himself, a catcher must be absolutely sure that every movement he makes after coming out of the sign-giving crouch is exactly the same for every pitch.

A good catcher has many ways of assisting his pitcher. If an experienced catcher realizes his pitcher is having trouble controlling his low pitch, and it is costing him strikes, he will catch from a higher position to help correct this normal error. A low ball is always caught up; a high ball is always caught down. Every ball should be caught in the strike zone if it is possible. A low curve can often be called a strike if a catcher reaches out and catches it in a

strike zone, before the ball completes its full curve.

Pitchers' tempers are gaited. They react differently to situations. Some pitchers take criticism from catchers graciously and make an attempt to better themselves. Others don't like it: they are sensitive and touchy. They sulk and cry. These pitchers require special treatment.

In a game early last summer one of our young pitchers fell behind by only two runs, became discouraged, and assumed an "Oh, what the heck" attitude. I had to keep after him, telling him he was still in the game, and we could break it wide open any time. He settled down and pitched well, and Vern Stephens smacked a homer to win for us in the ninth.

The easiest pitcher I ever caught was Elden Auker. His underhand deliveries came over the plate nice and soft. The toughest pitchers for me to catch were Hal Newhouser and Dizzy Trout when they were breaking in with the Tigers. They had plenty of stuff, but were extremely wild.

The best pitchers I have handled are the right-handers Bridges and Rowe, and the southpaw Newhouser. Bridges, who is close to 43, is still pitching in the Pacific Coast league. He was a great curve-ball pitcher, an earnest workman, and had fine control. Rowe had everything, including a smart head. Newhouser overcame his wildness to become one of the game's greats. I used to get a

thrill out of working with him. Now I get a thrill out of batting against him.

When a catcher throws off his mask to catch a foul fly, the first thing he must do is to get under the ball as fast as he can. His next thought is to catch the ball on the tip of his nose. If he starts to whirl and becomes confused, he should immediately focus his eyes on the ground and then look up. The dizziness will stop and he will locate the ball. Jim Hegan of Cleveland is today one of the best at catching foul balls. He is also the finest defensive catcher in the American league. He is tall, fast, has a good throwing arm, and is an able receiver. Yogi Berra of the New York Yankees is the best hitting catcher, and Les Moss of St. Louis hits the longest ball.

A catcher fielding a bunt scoops the ball into the mitt instead of attempting to pick the ball up with his bare hand. This habit saves many fielding errors during the course of a season. I attempted a barehand pickup on a bunt off the bat of Pete Suder of the A's in a game at Shibe Park last year, couldn't find the handle after three tries, and finally sneaked up on the ball and trapped it with my mask. Believe me, it's much easier using the mitt.

I will always remember a bawling out I received from Jack Flynn, my college coach, for throwing the ball into left field on an attempted pick-

off at third base in a game in which we were leading, 8-0. He pointed out that my blunder cost our pitcher a shutout. The catcher should never attempt a pick-off with one or no outs unless he has a better than 50/50 chance to get the man. If the man advances on a bad throw, he can score on an outfield fly. But there should be no fears with two outs. The catcher may get the pitcher out of a hole, and if not, the error won't be too costly.

With men on first and third bases, and a possibility of an attempted steal, it is the catcher's job to figure out his play. His judgment will be influenced by the score, the type of runner, and the type of opposition. For example, with men on first and third, a tie score, and two out in the ninth, there is little reason for a catcher to throw to second base, because the man on second is not important. He might, therefore, fake a throw to second, and attempt to catch the man at third.

But suppose it's this way: men on first and third; the man on first is fast, the man on third is slow—the score is irrelevant. The ball should be thrown through to second base as fast as possible. The catcher can handle the runner on third. If the man on third were the fast man, the catcher would first fake the man back to third and then throw to second base. The ability of the pitcher to hold the man on base is a determining factor in all types of these plays, along with the score.

Another important play is the cut-off on throw-ins. Different systems are used, usually to take advantage of the infielder possessing the best throwing arm. On our Detroit pennant winner of 1940, Bartell handled all extra-base-hit throw-ins from the outfield because he had a great arm. The keyman on the cutoff is usually the first baseman. He cuts off throw-ins on directions from the catcher and makes the throw to the different bases. The pitcher backs up the play. Cutoff plays will win many games over the season when properly executed. When they are not, they can be very costly.

A catcher should use the pitchout purely as a benefit measure for the team: for defensive purposes when he has definite knowledge that the runner is going to try to steal; or to upset the running style of the opponents. For instance, a catcher is playing against a team which uses the hit-and-run quite frequently. At the first opportunity where it will not hurt his pitcher's effectiveness, he should call for a pitchout. This can be a defensive maneuver to determine the running strategy of the other team. At the same time it is a bold stroke toward upsetting the opponents' running game. There will be a question in their minds for the rest of the game as to when he is going to use the pitchout. The question may be sufficiently strong to stop the team from using its usual tactics and make it play an unnatural game.

Luke Appling, the White Sox shortstop, is the best hit-and-run man in the game, and I take keen delight in trying to outsmart him. On one occasion in Chicago, Luke put the hit-and-run on with the count two strikes and no balls, and men on first and second. I thought only a guy like Luke would try anything so crazy, and called for a pitchout. Appling swung and missed, and I got the runner on third.

In another game against the Chisox, the tying run was on first base. Rowe was the pitcher, and up came Appling with one out. The guessing game started again. I called for four straight pitchouts. The runner stole second on the second pitchout, Luke finally struck at a pitch over his head, and I threw out the runner going into third. Whew!

The problem of protecting home plate against the runner who is attempting to score is a simple order. The catcher's job is to get the ball and tag the runner. It is foolish, in my opinion, for any catcher to attempt to block the plate unless the throw carries the catcher into the runner's path—and then he is not deliberately blocking the plate. If it is a question of the runner or the ball, get the ball. If the catcher doesn't have the ball, the man is safe.

That man Appling is in again for a story that happened at home plate in a game against the Chisox at Fenway Park. Luke came tearing into the plate as I took a throw from the

outfield. I hipped him and he went sprawling to the right of the plate. I then went over and tagged out the highly chagrined Luke, and he was boiling. "If you were anyone else," said Luke, "I'd sock you." The Fenway Park crowd roared its approval of my play.

A few days later the St. Louis Browns came to town with two Negro players. One of those players, Willard Brown, came rushing toward the plate as I awaited a relay from the outfield. The throw was tardy, and ag'n I tried the hip on Brown as he slid in. He went sprawling but managed to tag the plate before I got the ball. Now it was my turn. The crowd cheered Brown and gave me a large round of boos for spilling the Negro.

If I were called upon to pick my American league All-Star team from 1936 to the present, I would choose Lefty Grove, Newhouser, Charley Ruffing, Bob Feller as pitchers, with Johnny Murphy in relief. The catchers would be Cochrane and Bill Dickey. The infield would have Greenberg, Charley Gehring, Cronin, and George Kell, with Lou Boudreau as utility man. The outfield would be made up of Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio, and Earl Averill, with Jimmy Foxx as utility man. My All-Star manager would be Joe McCarthy, with Art Fletcher and Del Baker the coaches.

Cochrane and Dickey were great inspirations to their respective teams. Cochrane had a dynamic per-

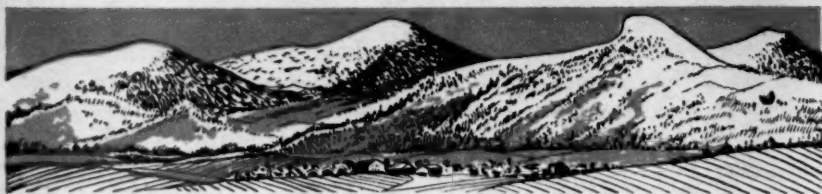
sonality. He worked his pitchers hard and was the greatest catcher I have seen at blocking the plate. Dickey was one of the best clutch hitters. He was always cool.

The average catcher's major-league career is longer than a player's in any other position, and because of this longer experience, he becomes more valuable to his team. The average career of a major-league catcher is approximately ten years.

The catcher who takes care of himself lasts a long time in the majors. He must do stretching exercises in the off season and quite often remedial exercises to improve his speed. Continual crouching can cause an enlargement of thighs and a loss of speed.

I love baseball and get a challenge out of every game I play. But catching is not a breeze. It is a big job and a self-effacing one. It is a good catcher who remembers that the pitcher is the one who must look good and not himself. He alone sees the entire baseball field, he alone is in front of the pitcher, and from his actions the pitcher will get the feel of players he cannot see. He must always remember that the pitcher and the entire baseball team are looking at him on every pitch, and his actions can either lift a ball club up to its desired key, or let it down. He must know that a game is over only when there are three men out in the ninth inning and his team has won or lost. That is a large order.

Every 10 years this town becomes Jerusalem



Oberammergau, 1950

By ANNE TANSEY

Condensed from *The Savior's Call**

THE CITIZENS of Oberammergau will give this year the first performance of their famous Passion Play in 16 years. At half past seven on a morning this May, cannons will boom. At eight o'clock sharp the first lines of the play will be spoken.

Much has happened in the tiny village in the Bavarian Alps since 1934. Its mountain seclusion did not save it from the nazis, nor from war and postwar problems. Its sons had to enter Hitler's army. Some were killed, some wounded, many taken prisoner.

For 1950, the village has made a loan of 1 million marks from the Bavarian government. This loan guarantees one performance. One performance will be sufficient to fulfill an ancient vow.

A devastating plague swept over

Europe in 1633. It depopulated towns and villages. In Oberammergau every citizen was ordered to remain in town; all outside were forbidden entrance.

In spite of the precautions, however, a lonely gravedigger slipped past the guards and visited his wife and children. Three days later he was dead. Within three weeks 84 persons died of the plague in Oberammergau.

The hand of death rested heavily on every family. The elders met in council and asked each other, "What will we do?" A priest suggested prayer. "Prayer is not enough," they replied. "We must do something great," cried the burgomaster, whose wife was at the point of death.

An idea struck one of the elders. "Let us promise to enact the life of Christ every ten years for the rest of our lives."

"For the length of the life of the village," the others agreed eagerly.

They went from the town hall to their church and made their vow. From that day no one died of the plague in Oberammergau. Because of that vow their descendants must lay aside their work, postpone the rebuilding of the town, and enact the life of Christ.

The stage for the 1634 performance of the Passion Play was a rough scaffolding in the village churchyard. A few hundred farmers composed the audience. Exactly 300 years later, 22,000 persons from all over the world journeyed to Oberammergau to witness the jubilee performance. They found a new theater which could seat 5,200 persons, a proscenium to accommodate 750 actors. It was under glass. No longer would players have to face the elements.

The play had gained a wide reputation by 1770. Newspapers and magazines sent correspondents. Royalty from Great Britain, France, and Italy traveled to Oberammergau.

In the decade following, an official decree barred all religious plays in Germany. Such a cry was raised from all parts of the world that the emperor exempted the Oberammergau play. The play went on in 1780 and continued without interruption until 1930. In 1934 a jubilee production commemorated the 300th anniversary of the first Passion Play. It was the most superb ever staged. But it was almost its swan song.

There was no play in 1940 under the nazi regime.

It is doubtful whether the 1950 production can be a financial success. The town cannot accommodate the thousands of tourists who flocked to Oberammergau in other years; in happier days the housewives opened their homes to pilgrims. The population of the town has at no time exceeded 2,500 persons. The play year generally brought 20,000 more.

The village council would assign a certain number of visitors to every house and hotel. All the money taken in for board and for theater tickets had to be turned over to the play committee to help defray the tremendous expenses. After all debts were paid the balance was equally divided between inhabitants who had given up their means of livelihood to help make the production a success.

The borrowed million marks will have to be used to repair the war-damaged theater as well as to help equip the play. As for salaries, the actors may not get paid. In 1934 their salaries amounted to one million marks. But in spite of the difficulties confronting them, the villagers went ahead steadily with plans on through 1949. In April, the males of the village were ordered to let their hair and beards grow in preparation for the casting. All who refuse to do so are punished.

Preparation is exciting. Everyone sets aside his work to perform the

tasks assigned him, by the committee. Boys and girls who have left home to find work return to Oberammergau to help, and perhaps to play important roles.

Members of the play committee include the parish priest, members of the village council, and elders who have played important roles in the past. In its proceedings the committee must adhere closely to the constitution and bylaws which were written in old books and passed from one generation to another. During the year of preparation the word of this committee is law in Oberammergau.

There are a multitude of tasks for Oberammergau's 2,500 citizens to perform. The theater must be cleaned, repaired, and redecorated. Fresh scenes must be painted, choruses trained, costumes made and fitted. Nearly every citizen of Oberammergau is an artist of one kind or another. Every school child must be trained in one of the arts; this is kept in mind when the school curriculum is planned. Each child is tested for aptitudes. Those with special talents are trained according to their bents: drama and music are most important. Every child must become perfect in acting and singing. No teacher is ever engaged unless, in addition to his knowledge of other subjects, he is a music and singing master as well.

The artistry inherent in the native Oberammergauers has often been studied by students of social science.

Historians maintain that although the people are descended from Teutons they have also strong Celtic and Italian strains in them. More than 200 professional woodcarvers live in the village, and as many potters.

A museum in the town features the art work of the village for 250 years. Many years ago Oberammergau artists stacked their statues, crucifixes, toys, and other art work into packs, carried them on their backs to all parts of Europe, peddling them from door to door. In 1775 a member of the Lang family founded an industry which successfully marketed the art work of the village. After the 1st World War they sent a delegation of citizens to the U. S. to sell their work. The tour was very successful.

The women of Oberammergau work artistically with the needle. Wives and mothers make all the costumes, generally of the richest Oriental materials. In other years, old costumes were used for rehearsals, but the 1950 production will see very few new costumes. The old ones will have to do.

From earliest childhood the people of Oberammergau are taught to love the play and prepare themselves constantly for participation in it. The elders keep a close eye on the children, and as they grow to manhood and womanhood and act in the many dramatic events given through the off years, members of the play committee decide: this boy

will make a fine Peter, this girl a perfect Martha.

Hope runs high when casting is being done. Who will be Peter, Pilate, James, Mary Magdalen or Cai-phas? Who will be Judas? To whom will the star roles go: the coveted Christus and Mary?

Choosing the cast is a solemn duty. Committee members nominate their choices. The names are written on folded papers and placed in an urn. Each candidate for the various roles is discussed thoroughly and then a secret ballot is taken. The names from the ballots become the nominations.

Two weeks are allowed for further discussions and deductions. Then the day for decision arrives. The committee members attend Mass and pray for guidance. The previous nominations are again examined. A new ballot is taken, each member dropping a white or black ball into the urn as names of the candidates are offered. The resulting vote is irrevocable. When the announcements are made there is great joy and bitter disappointment. The man chosen for the Christus becomes the most important man in the village.

As preparation advances, Ober-

ammergau loses the aspect of a modern German village and begins to resemble Jerusalem in the 1st century. Curls dangle about the necks of the men. Even taxi drivers and butchers look like Biblical patriarchs. Players begin to lose their identity in modern life. They become Jude and James and John, Joseph, Mary and Martha, Pilate.

Feverish activity, endless rehearsals prevail. At last everything is ready. The costumes are made, the choruses trained to perfection; everyone is proficient in his or her role.

At seven o'clock the night before the grand opening the village band marches through the streets playing stirring music. In the morning, high Mass is offered at six o'clock. Everyone in the village receives Holy Communion. At 7:30 the cannon announce the opening of theater gates.

The play starts sharply at eight and lasts for eight hours, during which time no one is allowed to leave the theater. The play begins with Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem and ends with the Ascension. It has 17 acts, each preceded by one or two tableaux representing scenes from the Old Testament.

Values

WE asked a native at the Shannon airport what Limerick was noted for. He replied: "The largest Blessed Virgin's Sodality in the world. It is in the Redemptorist parish there."

Patrick Scanlon in the *Brooklyn Tablet* (11 Feb. '50).

*You lie in bed day after day after day,
but you learn as time goes by*



Sickbed Voyage of Discovery

By VIVIAN T. MURPHY

*Condensed from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

YOU ARE a naïve girl, flat in bed in a farmhouse out on the lone prair-ee. But you have found a light you wish could shine from Santa Barbara to Kennebunkport.

Thirteen years ago you were a high-school senior who loved to play basketball. You marched in the school band, too, booming out oomp-pa's on a sousaphone, stepping out tirelessly with snap in your knees.

The year you were graduated from high school was 1936—a hard year. For the temperature hovered around 110 degrees for several weeks that summer, and the grain, instead of filling, shriveled in the hot, dry winds. But you were all right; you were 17 and very happy.

You were going to begin college in only a week, and you were all but packed. Then one day you discovered a pain between your shoulder blades. You consulted a doctor, but he found no alarming symptoms.

One morning a few days later, you couldn't hold your knees up in bed. Your feet were numb. Your mother called the hospital, and your two brothers, 19 and 14, carried you down to the car and got you to the best hospital and doctors in your area. By the time you reached the hospital, the numbness—and finally the loss of even that numb feeling—had crept up to your waist. And just like that you became as helpless as a baby. A little abscess in your spine already had done its damage. It had injured your spinal cord.

Four doctors went up to surgery with you. A Mayo-trained bone surgeon operated—prevented the infection from killing you. Although in the 12 years since then your doctors have given you every aid science knows, all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put you together again.

You did not become resigned in those first weeks. "You'd better hurry and get me out of here," you told

the doctor before you could lift the weight of your own hands. "I've got to sing at a wedding in two weeks."

"Shoo!" the doctor said to the nurses surrounding you, and shut the door and bent his gray head to put a gentle hand on your shoulder.

"Haven't you some talent you could develop in bed, just in case you should have to stay there for quite some time? Couldn't you write, maybe?"

"No," you said, fearfully worried. "All I can do is sing!"

The doctor's "quite some time" meant a month or six weeks to you. In those days and for years afterward, you felt you were going to be as good as new any day. To this day, you are like "the broncho that would not be broken of dancing."

Friends and the Sisters at the hospital spoke of your "cheerfulness," your "resignation." Perhaps you were fairly cheerful, but resigned? You, mistakenly thinking only quitters are resigned, didn't even want to be resigned.

Three times that first year everybody feared you were about to die. But God and your forebears had given you exceptional vitality. A few days after you had received Viaticum, you were breakfasting on bacon and eggs.

Since that trip to Rochester, you have had 11 years of careful nursing by your mother at home on the farm. You are stronger. You are carried and wheeled out into society now and then, and you have stopped

scaring your family. But you still cannot move, except for your arms and head.

But you no longer rebel at the probability of lying still the rest of your days. Have you lost the old fight? No. Only what someone has called "an earthworm's view."

You were, at 21, still aching to be well and still very much attached to the good things here below. You begged St. Anne to obtain for you your health, or enough health to enable you to marry; or, if you could not be granted either of these requests, then the grace to become a successful writer.

Have you been granted your requests? No; you are as paralyzed as before, and, although you have had a few things published, you don't expect to become a prominent writer; not because God did not hear your prayers; rather, that He, knowing prominence would ruin the little that His grace has so slowly accomplished in you, wishes to hide you from the light as a photographer does his film.

One night last summer a distant relative, distressed because of your illness, sent you oil from the shrine of Brother André in Montreal. Before you apply the oil to your spine, you apply it to your lips, begging God to break you of irritable words. And you daub some on your forehead, to help you resist the detestable images that sometimes seek entrance into your mind. And you touch some to your hands, and say,

"I am sorry, my Lord, that they do so little for Thee. Help them to do more." And then you touch some to your neck, that has ever been too proud. And only then do you touch some to your spine, asking that it be mended.

All at once you realize that, of all the places you have touched with the oil, your damaged spine is the one least important to you, and that what has been accomplished in you must be what is meant by the workings of grace.

Perhaps you should be impatient to be well for your family's sake. For there is no question that you are a heavy burden. But you are one of the crosses that have made them good. And you will gladly bear the humiliation of being carried about, if that will earn them heaven.

They twit you about "forever praying." It is all for them, and they know it. It's almost funny how your family takes it for granted that, although they are willing to help, praying really is your department. When your two red-haired brothers are working in the field this spring, they will come in and call to you,

"Hey, get on the ball, there! We need some rain." For, to your family's way of thinking, they are the lay Brothers and you the choir.

Heaven knows you're no saint. Indeed, even earth knows it. You are not very patient about little annoyances. It's so easy to forget that it is God who sends such things as cold toast, and that they also are for your soul's good. And the big things—with God's grace, you are ready for anything. If it be His will, He even may take away the family you need so much, and send you to a charity home for incurables. He may take your friends; anything, except Himself.

But aren't you getting reckless—inviting God to take from you "just anything"? Oh, but you have come to understand just a little the phrase, "abandonment to the will of God." You want to—like the paratrooper tapped on the leg—step calmly out into space.

Now that, little dim wit, was what, 12 years ago, you should have understood by resignation!

"Lead, my Lord, thy gentled pony."

A Dash of Capitalism

A NEW YORK newspaper columnist reports that when Jacob Lomakin, former Soviet consul who left the U. S. under some pressure last year, was departing for Russia, he left two suits to be fixed up for him at a cleaner's in New York. The cleaner found a receipt in one of the pockets for U. S. war-bond purchases of \$10,000.

The Liguorian.

A chemical reaction of vapors and aloes made a photographic negative on the shroud of the Saviour

Photograph of Christ

By EDWARD A. WUENSCHEL, C.S.S.R.

Condensed from *Perpetual Help**

DR. WUENSCHEL, the American Redemptorist who collated the material for this article, was the leading authority on the Holy Shroud of Turin in the U. S. until 1949, when he was called to Rome to head the Schola Major of the Redemptorists in the Holy City. He has published articles on various aspects of the Holy Shroud in many magazines. He will give an address on "The Shroud of Turin and the Burial of Christ" this May in Rome at the International Sydonological convention.

THE OLD WEAVER fingered the strip of crisp white linen, assuring his client it was the very best in the shop. Fourteen feet three inches in length, three feet seven inches wide. Joseph of Arimathea nodded satisfaction, paid, and left.

It was a good business: weaving. Babies were born and people died even on the Pasch, the great festival. It was either swaddling bands or winding sheets.

But neither weaver nor Joseph of Arimathea could possibly suspect the history that was to unroll with that

piece of cloth; how 2,000 years from then it would be the most closely guarded piece of cloth in the world. Now at Turin, Italy, it lies in a silver casket, enclosed in an iron chest secured by three separate locks, the keys to which are confided to three separate persons. And this iron chest, in turn, lies behind a double iron grille. It was the shroud in which our Lord was wrapped in haste for his temporary burial before sunset on the first Good Friday.†

By verbal tradition, identity of the shroud was kept through the centuries. But 20 centuries is a long time. Who can say with any absolute certainty that this cloth, for all its stains and sepia colored figure, is really the Holy Shroud? How

could a piece of linen endure so long?

Linen is one of the most durable of textile fibers. The linen of the shroud is woven in a twill pattern, which increases strength and durability. And since it

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, April, 1947, p. 74.



*Esopus, N. Y. March, 1950.

was one of the most precious relics of the Church, the shroud was always guarded against decay and rough handling.

The ruins of the American Mound Builders, the homes of the Swiss Lake Dwellers, and particularly the tombs of Egypt have yielded linen twice 1,900 years old. So well preserved were the linen mummy wrappings of Egypt that the Arabs made them over into garments for daily wear. Many specimens of pre-Christian fabrics can be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. A conservative estimate of the most ancient would be 5,000 years.

Because of the weave, some have thought the design too complicated for production on a primitive hand loom. But weaving in Palestine reached its highest development at the time of Christ, rivaling that of advanced Egypt. The herringbone pattern was no more difficult than typing for a modern stenographer.

One May morning, in 1898, an event occurred that was to awaken the scientific world. It would throw un hoped-for light on many phases of the Lord's passion and death. It would prove beyond all shadow of prudent doubt that the sheet of yellowish linen at Turin was the authentic winding sheet of our Lord.

May, 1898, marked the wedding of the heir apparent of the House of Savoy. It was an occasion for rejoicing, and King Humbert I granted permission for public exposition of

the Holy Shroud, which had not been seen for 30 years. Photography was coming into general use, and Secondo Pia, an enthusiast, secured permission to make a photograph.

Nothing unusual was anticipated. But back in his darkroom, he began to see something that made him doubt his own eyes. Slowly emerging with startling clearness was a majestic countenance, a noble human figure.

But it was no trick of imagination. Pia had obtained this striking result according to the set laws of photography. What for centuries had been thought to be at most a shadowy sepia outline on the linen was in actual fact an accurate, complete negative image of the Body of Christ. Pia had developed a photographic print of a negative taken 2,000 years before. (In photography, a negative is what you see on a developed film, where blacks and whites are reversed.)

The fact that the figures on the shroud were negative images attracted scientists. It was not surprising that a battered human body should leave an imprint on a white cloth; but that the imprint was an exact negative image—this presented a real scientific problem. A group of Paris scientists resolved to investigate. In this group was Dr. Yves Delage, member of the Academy of Sciences, biologist and anthropologist of world reputation, an avowed unbeliever in religion. There was Dr. Paul Vignon, at the time pro-

fessor of zoology at the Sorbonne, later professor of biology at the Institut Catholique in Paris; Lieutenant Colonel Colson, professor of physics at the Ecole Polytechnique; Dr. E. Hérovard, master of conferences at the Sorbonne; and M. Robert, an associate of the university.

Those scientists studied the shroud in the same detached spirit in which they would have examined a fossil. Laying aside all prejudice, they took nothing for granted. They made microscopic studies of the photographs. They carefully sifted every detail of the Gospel account. They performed many experiments to learn how a human body, subjected to identical conditions described in the sacred pages, could possibly produce images like those on the shroud. After nearly two years, they announced to the world that on purely scientific grounds they accepted the traditional belief that the shroud of Turin bears the imprints of the Body of Christ.

More startling still, it was the avowed unbeliever Dr. Delage who made the announcement. On April 21, 1902, he read a report of the findings. The members of the Academy of Sciences received the report very favorably.

The scientific investigation of the problem of the Holy Shroud was not completed in 1902. Twenty-nine years later the next step was taken, at the next public exposition of the shroud in Turin. On that occasion many scientists were permitted to

examine the shroud itself. A second series of photographs was made of the entire shroud as well as of details. The photographer, chosen for his technical skill, was Cavaliere Giuseppe Enrie.

After the exposition of 1931, two research commissions were formed, with centers in Turin and Paris. Among the members of these two commissions are doctors, scientists, lawyers, surgeons, historians, archaeologists, theologians, Scripture scholars, artists and art critics. In 1933, during another exposition of the shroud, the relic was again examined.

There are still some difficulties to clarify, but the main problem has been definitely settled: the authenticity of the shroud of Turin. This involves three points: 1. The figures are not paintings. 2. They are imprints of a human body. 3. They are the imprints of the Body of Jesus Christ.

From the established fact that the figures on the shroud are negatives it is immediately and conclusively proven that no human hand could possibly have painted them. The very notion of a negative image was unthought of until the 19th century, with the invention of photography, so no artist of an earlier period could have conceived such an idea, much less executed it.

The figures, moreover, are very exact negatives. They preserve in inverted form the most delicate tones of light and shade, even that

intangible something that we call expression.

Even today no artist can paint so exact a negative. No artist, in fact, has as yet succeeded in making an exact copy of the negative figures on the shroud. Those who tried before the era of photography (Albrecht Dürer, that master of design, was one of them) failed completely. The new photographs and the examination of the shroud in 1931 brought out additional evidence to show that the figures are not paintings.

The anatomical details, the wounds, the flow and the composition of blood, the difference between blood shed during life and that shed after death—all are represented true to nature. The figures have all the signs of having been produced by some natural process.

But the figures had not been produced by mere contact of the linen with human flesh. Such contact would have caused considerable distortion, and there is little or no distortion in the figures on this shroud.

In a special series of experiments, Vignon and Colson determined that humid ammoniac vapors had acted on the shroud. Such vapors result from the fermentation of urea, which is exceptionally abundant in the sweat produced by physical torture and fever. They also determined that the humid ammoniac vapors had reacted with aloes which had been sprinkled over the linen shroud. The aloes had formed a sur-

face sensitive to the action of the vapors.

Those 1902 conclusions have been confirmed by a wealth of new evidence. It was found that the aloes on the shroud were in powder form. This seemingly trivial detail turned out to be very important when there was question of scientifically identifying the body. It is now definitely established also that there are particles of blood on the shroud, so well preserved that they still show its component parts.

To medical experts the blood stains on the Holy Shroud have been a fascinating mystery. They are not negatives, but positives. They were produced by direct contact of the cloth with the Body. Many of these clots had already dried on the surface of the body; on the head, forearms, hands. Yet somehow they were transferred with perfect accuracy to the cloth.

Science has found a possible explanation. The fibrin in coagulated blood will dissolve in a humid ammoniac medium, such as certainly surrounded the Body of Christ in the tomb. Unexplained, however, is the fact that these clots of blood on the cloth have not flaked off, despite its handling through the centuries.

The scientists found proof that the imprints were those of a man who had been scourged, crowned with a bonnet of thorns, crucified, and pierced through the side. From the Gospels we know that all this was done to Christ, and done as a re-

sult of exceptional circumstances.

More carefully than any other detail, the surgeons of both commissions studied the shroud wound in the side. Dr. Pierre Barbet of St. Joseph's hospital, Paris, performed a series of experiments to see whether it was in accord with human physiology. All the surgeons are agreed that serum flowed from this wound with the blood, and that this is a positive sign that the victim was already dead when the wound was inflicted.

Exceptional also was the manner in which the Body of Christ was enclosed in the shroud. Normally, in preparation for burial, the ancients washed and anointed a corpse, then wrapped it in a shroud. Not so in this particular case. There was no time.

And one condition more. Had this body been left in the shroud for longer than the first stage of decomposition, the imprints would have been smudged and destroyed by gases and liquids of the corrupting body. The condition was fulfilled in Christ, only because He rose again, 30 or 35 hours after His corpse was laid in the tomb.

Finally, the face must be taken into consideration. Though not done by human hand, it bears a striking resemblance to the traditional likenesses of Christ adopted by sacred art. It has the majesty, power, indefinable appeal we instinctively associate with Christ. It suggests the presence of something more than

human. It seems pervaded with latent life.

To attempt to establish the authenticity of the Holy Shroud by historical arguments alone simply cannot be done. Its clear, continuous history begins only in 1355.

During her first centuries, the Church was more concerned with preserving her life than with writing annals. She had no really public worship and could not expose her relics for public veneration. Moreover, it would have hampered rather than helped the spread of the Gospel to bring the Holy Shroud out into the open at that time: both Jews and Romans abhorred everything connected with a cross or a corpse.

Also, it is not unlikely that documents referring to the shroud were lost or destroyed, for the holy linen passed through war, pillage, and persecution. It was in the midst of strife and turmoil during most of its sojourn in the East. We actually know of pertinent documents that were destroyed after the shroud was brought to the West. It is practically certain that others were destroyed in the tumultuous East. Then, too, there may be extant documents which have not been brought to light, in ancient ruins, among the mass of uncatalogued manuscripts in Eastern monasteries and libraries. This very year may bring to light new documents touching on the shroud. The American Foundation for the Study of Man has obtained

permission from the Greek Orthodox Archbishop Porphyrios of Sinai to spend four months in the monastery of St. Catherine, about 200 miles southeast of Cairo. This monastery, founded in 545 A.D., is reputedly the oldest Religious community in the world, and is famous for its library of ancient manuscripts. The American scholars and technicians plan to microfilm over a million pages of manuscripts written in Greek, Coptic, Syriac, Latin, Arabic, Hebrew, Slavic, Russian, and Ethiopic.

Yet, the historical case for the Shroud of Turin is much stronger today than a few years ago. An iconographic study (i. e., a study of the copies of the imprints on the Holy Shroud) made by Dr. Paul Vignon a decade ago, has especially strengthened the case. The results of this study are recorded in his splendid book *Le Saint Suaire de Turin*.

It is quite certain that our present shroud was in Constantinople till the beginning of the 13th century. It may have been brought there quite early, for from the days of Constantine and St. Helena the emperors collected all the great relics in the Eastern capital. In Constantinople it was stretched out at full length every Friday, so that all could clearly see "the figure of the Lord."

In 1204, when Constantinople was pillaged by the Crusaders, the shroud disappeared. In 1355 we find it again in Lirey, near Troyes in France. This was certainly our pres-

ent shroud. Lord Geoffrey I de Charny brought it to Lirey. Dr. Vignon's iconography proves that Charny was a distinguished lord and went to the Orient as a crusader in 1346.

One series of events formed the basis for attack upon the authenticity of the shroud. Henri de Poitiers, Bishop of Troyes, under whose jurisdiction Lirey was, forbade any public veneration of the shroud. In this he was probably justified, for apparently Lord de Charny could show no documents. The case hung fire till 1389, owing to war. When the shroud was brought out again, Pierre d'Arcis, the then ruling Bishop of Troyes, renewed the prohibition. The canons in charge went over his head and obtained permission to hold public expositions from Cardinal de Thury, legate of the antipope Clement VII, who was recognized in France as the true Pope. On the protest of the bishop, the antipope decreed that the canons might continue holding the expositions, provided they observed no ceremony and declared on each occasion that this was not the true Shroud of Christ, but a painting.

War came again. The shroud was taken to the castle of Humbert de la Roche in Burgundy, Humbert being husband of Margaret de Charny, granddaughter of the original donor and sole survivor of the family. When peace was restored, a dispute arose between Margaret and the canons of Lirey over possession.

Margaret settled the question, as far as she was concerned, by presenting the relic to Duke Louis I of Savoy, whose consort, Anna di Lusignano, was her kinswoman. It was thus that the House of Savoy became guardian of the Holy Shroud.

On Good Friday, April 14, 1503, the shroud was taken to Bourg-en-Bresse, near Chambéry, to honor the passage of the Archduke Philip of Austria. A sermon on the Passion was preached. Then the shroud was shown, and to prove that it was the true shroud of Christ it was plunged into boiling oil, boiled in water over a fire, and washed several times. This was called a "judgment of God." Antoine de Lalaing, an eyewitness, says, "They could not wash out nor destroy the imprint and figure."

The incident showed a rather naïve faith. There was nothing supernatural about the preservation of the imprints. Such stains, produced by chemical action, are as indelible as the fastest dyes.

On the night of Dec. 3, 1532, fire broke out in the shroud chapel. The shroud, folded several times in a silver reliquary, was scorched. The Poor Clares of Chambéry mended the burnt parts with altar linen, the white triangles which can be seen at regular intervals along the two lines caused by the scorching. Fortunately, the shroud was so folded that the imprints suffered little damage.

A pilgrimage of St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, occasioned the transfer of the shroud from Chambéry to Turin. In 1576-77, Milan was ravaged by a pestilence, which carried off its victims by the thousands. To implore mercy, St. Charles vowed to walk to Chambéry to venerate the Holy Shroud.

St. Charles was exhausted from his labors during the pestilence. Wishing, then, to spare him the most arduous part of the journey, Duke Emmanuel Philibert had the shroud taken to Turin on the Italian side of the Alps, where it is today.



Love in Governmentese

CIRCULATING in Washington recently was an anonymous "Love Letter of a Bureaucrat." Addressed to "My Sweetheart (unless hereinafter revoked)," an excerpt read: "The time has come, according to a conservative estimate, to tell you that I love you with a complete utilization of all available factors. I take it that you have evaluated your feelings toward me and have concluded to reciprocate to the maximum in the interest of unity. We must now channelize our emotions with celerity for attainment of our ultimate goal."

Pathfinder.

*Leisure for ladies in Russia comes between
the ditches they dig*

Women's Rights: Russian Style

By CRAIG THOMPSON

Condensed chapter of a book*

Nor long ago I met a correspondent who had not visited the Soviet Union in ten years. "So you've been in Russia?" the correspondent asked me. "Tell me, are the women still doing all the work there?"

This was no wisecrack. It was a sharp appraisal of the place of women in the Soviet scheme.

Except on high levels such as the Central Committee or the Politburo, there is no job category that does not contain women. There are women judges and lawyers, scientists, factory directors, engineers, sub-executives and clerks. There are also women truck drivers, crane operators, locomotive drivers and firemen, printers, subway guards, and street cleaners. Men and women have an equal chance at all jobs.

On a job of manual labor the average Soviet male acts as if he is bored stiff or too tired to falter another step. At the same tasks women work hard. I had vaguely noticed this sev-

eral times around Moscow. But it hit me hardest in the Donbas town of Voroshilovgrad where, on the balcony of a little hotel, I spent half an hour watching a platoon of men and women as they cleared up bomb rubble in a yard across the street.

The women worked vigorously and steadily, while the men, after every few minutes of back bending and stone pitching, retired to the shade to loll on the stones to smoke and gossip. My Foreign Office conducting officer explained that after the long war the men were tired.

Actually, under the speed-up system, the more the gangs accomplish, the more money they receive. This made the women, particularly those with children,

work extra hard in order to offset the laziness of their male comrades and to hoist the whole group to a higher pay bracket. The men took ready advantage of the women.

In the communist state, work is not a woman's choice but a duty and a necessity. By keeping wages below



*The Police State. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 286 4th Ave., New York City, 10. 257 pp. \$3.

what a man needs to feed and clothe a family in which the wife is not a wage earner, it is easy to make women work, whether they want to or not. This is policy, even though the Soviet government at present is exhorting women to have more children. In 1936, abortion was outlawed and a system of bonuses for babies was set up. Eight years later benefits were increased so that payments begin with the third child, and monthly subsidies are paid until the child is five. The baby bonuses, however, are not big enough to permit women to give up their jobs. They simply make childbearing a source of pin money. Medals, such as the Order of Maternal Glory and the Order of Mother Heroine, are provided for mothers of nine or ten children, respectively.

The motherhood medals are not always the prideful badges they were meant to be. In a village not far from Moscow there lives a little old woman who reared ten children. When the law was announced, she proudly went in to ask for her Mother Heroine's medal. But when the authorities checked her list of offspring, they found that one of her daughters had married an American and had fled to live among the wicked capitalists of the U. S. "That child," they sternly told her, "never existed." Instead of Mother Heroine, they bonged her with Maternal Glory—but the old woman seldom wears her medal. It saddens her to think that the one child who re-

Chain Gang

WOLFGANG BALDUS, an emaciated 24-year-old German, with eight front teeth knocked out and his back crisscrossed with thick red welts, stumbled from a wood into the U. S. zone and cried: "I escaped from a uranium mine!"

"It was like breaking out of hell," he said. "I was working in the Schneeberg mines, near the Czech border. Men and women slave workers were dying by the dozens and I had been flogged and beaten with gun butts and clubs until I was half crazy.

"They've got the cheapest production line in the whole world—an endless chain of women carrying the ore out of the mines in buckets! It costs them one meal a day—potato soup and bread."

Baldus estimated the number of women in the mines as 30,000.

"They are organized in regiments," he said. "One bucket brigade was attached to us."

NANA dispatch from the Russian Zone border, Germany, by Gault MacGowan (12 March '50).

members her with parcels of food and clothing is a child that never was.

The new law offers unmarried women monthly payments of 100 roubles for one child, 150 for two, and 200 for three. It abolishes male responsibility for illegitimates. Married or not, women between the ages of 20 and 45, and men 20 to 50, pay

a tax for childlessness. Those with no children must pay 6% of their earnings.

As before the decree, marriage remains easy. All any couple has to do is to sign up in a registry office and wait to be summoned. The writers of romances usually write a happy full stop at the point where the young people go to be married. They don't speak of the actual ceremony—at Egorevsk, for instance. The pair goes to a gray, gloomy building. As they step over the threshold, the bride says in a frightened tone, "It is so dark, I can see nothing." The bridegroom produces a flashlight from his pocket and throws a dim ray upon a dingy room with torn wallpaper, a cobweb hanging from the ceiling, and a decrepit bench along the wall upon which an aged woman is weeping. One of the party asks if they have come to the right place, but unfortunately there is no mistake.

They go into a second room, just as cold and unwelcoming. There is a wooden table covered with a soiled ink-stained cloth. Behind the table sits the registrar in her overcoat, felt boots and scarf. She raises her expressionless eyes towards the party and says in a dreary voice: "Next! Who has died?"

The young people are surprised and uncomfortable. When the groom explains they have come to get married, and not to register a death, they are told to go outside and wait and the tearful old woman

is called in. The young couple and their guests return to the outer room; someone tries to jest, but no one laughs. Through the half-opened door they hear the voice of the tearful old woman bewailing the loss of her husband.

Finally the young people are summoned. The climax of the whole affair is reached when the time comes to sign the document and it is discovered that the ink is frozen in the inkpot. They have to warm it by the most simple means—human breath.

Soviet propagandists talk about the state-supported nurseries where working women leave their children and go blithely on to toil. It's a pretty design for working motherhood—with two important facts missing. 1. Nurseries and kindergartens have to be paid as in any capitalist state, and many women can't afford them. 2. There are not, and never have been, enough nurseries to take care of all the children.

Since women cannot hold a job and tend a baby at the same time, even one child can be a big problem. Some women solve it by having their mother, mother-in-law, or an elderly woman live with them. This often creates additional emotional strain because it further plugs up already overcrowded housing.

Most Soviet families cook in a kitchen shared by two to six families. I have read articles describing those kitchens as an ecstatic haven of blissful sisterhood. However, imag-

ine three or four women with nerves already frayed by a long day's work, at least one sick baby, and the frustrations of trying to find food in half-empty shops. Put them together on one stove, one sink, one faucet and one small table, all hurriedly trying to get their own dinner ready. Quite often it results in pulled hair, blacked eyes, caustic soda in a neighbor's soup, or vituperative brawling that brings the cops on the double.

The kitchens are not the only places where raw nerves result in flying fists. Women also brawl in public places. One instance involved a Red Army female surgeon identified as Comrade L. and a streetcar conductress named Demkina. Comrade L. broke the law by getting on a streetcar at the front end. Conductress Demkina ordered her to get off and enter at the rear. The lady surgeon demurred, and Demkina popped her, first on the chest where hung her seven military decorations—and then on the nose. The ensuing fracas put Comrade L. in the nearest hospital.

It was no accident that Demkina's first punch was aimed at the medals. Those jingling bangles were a symbol—they betokened the fact that Comrade L.'s station in life was on

a level higher than that of a tramway conductress. With many Soviet women the dissatisfactions of a hard life have been turned to bitterness by the rise of privileged classes.

Traditionally, Russian women are renowned for their warmth and femininity. Today that tradition largely survives in the professional or intellectual class, a minority sandwiched between the fat wives of the upper crust and the ready-fisted toiling masses. However, this is the most nearly childless class in Russia.

Kalinin's "respect for work" is a maxim for all Soviet women, except the new-rich wives of commissars. The women know what happened to Sofia Zabolotkina, a rebel, could happen to any of them. Sofia was so fed up with her job that one day she played hookey. She was haled into court and sentenced to four months' forced labor, which means she was required to work on her job one-third of a year, losing one-fourth of her pay. Her boredom then changed to open rebellion. For ten more days she stayed home. The cops came again. Sofia is now doing five years in a Siberian labor camp. She lives behind barbed wire, a slave in an institution where another such display could mean sudden death.

FRIENDS often ask Sister Madeleva, the poetess president of St. Mary's college, Holy Cross, Indiana, what books they should read to learn to write poetry. Sister's answer: "The Bible, Webster's Dictionary, and seed catalogues."

Joseph F. Beckman, Jr.

Cousin of Winston Churchill finds her way

Carving a Way of Life

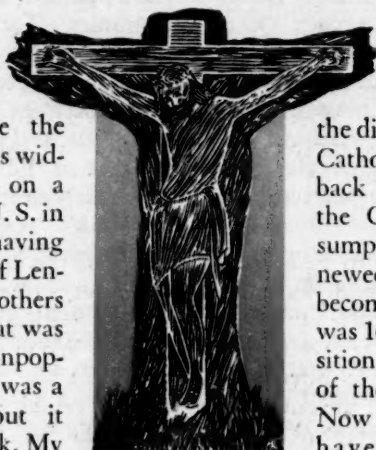
By CLARE SHERIDAN

Condensed from *Liturgical Arts**

I HAVE earned my living as a sculptor ever since the 1914 war, when I was widowed. I embarked on a lecture tour in the U. S. in 1921 as a result of having modeled the heads of Lenin and Trotzky and others in the Kremlin. That was a great scoop, if an unpopular one. To me it was a great adventure, but it labeled me Bolshevik. My cousin Winston,† whom I love as a brother, was furious.

The 2nd World War broke literally over my head, when I was living in brokenhearted seclusion in my home, at Brede in Sussex. I had just lost my son, who was my 1915 war baby, born six days before his father was killed. When I had recovered from this staggering blow in 1937, I began to devote my art to religious subjects. This form of sculpture was in a way a substitute for prayer, a substitute, too, for tears.

†The mothers of Winston Churchill, Clare Sheridan, and Shane Leslie were the three famous Jerome sisters of New York.



I created images of our Lady with the divine Child. Thus my Catholic devotion dating back to my schooldays at the Convent of the Assumption in Paris was renewed in me. I wanted to become a Catholic when I was 16, but parental opposition and, later, the lures of the world interposed. Now the time seemed to have come. Strangely enough, my son died in France and received Catholic burial. Was not this a divine reminder of my early resolve?

Before I could fulfill my plan, the battle of Britain was raging. Planes were bursting in the sky, scattering parts over my garden. A plane dived out of a cloud and shot a baby in its mother's arms in our village street. Cottages collapsed. Death was close, and I had been longing for death, not merely as an escape from intolerable loneliness nor because my life had lost its objective, but because I longed for reunion. It is one thing, however, to turn

your face to the wall and fade out, another to be blasted out of your body. I suddenly didn't want to die, —for I would die a non-Catholic.

When the military authorities requisitioned my house, I had to move to a cottage in the park. But the old 14th-century house had a chapel which I had restored; and when Catholics were in the billeted unit, their padre celebrated Mass in that chapel and I was permitted to be present. Mass had not been heard within those walls since the Reformation.

But it is not easy to be accepted into the Church. I made several efforts and met very little encouragement. Other converts have told me of the same experience. I decided to wait, therefore, until the end of the war, and then to make my way to Ireland or Italy, where it would be easier. It was rather like making a pact with God: if I survive, I will.

As regards my work, I could no longer reproduce in bronze, for lack of metal, or in terra-cotta, as I could not get coal for my furnace. But as the urge would not be denied, I began to carve trees. Soldiers would cut down the dead ones that I designated and carry them into my improvised studio.

My first statue was carved from an oak. I had visualized our Lady and Child as a memorial to my son. The parish church had been without a statue in the Lady chapel since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. And because it is Anglo-Catholic (that

new church movement that is sweeping England) they welcomed the bringing back of our Lady into her original setting.

I desired that my statue should have a wider interpretation than a mere memorial. I hoped it would do for others what our Lady had done for me. My ambition was immense. Adoration, consolation, love, and hope were among the qualities I dreamed of expressing, and in the attitude of the blessed Mother, her consciousness of the divinity of her Son.

All of this and more, out of one tree. But a tree is life. It lives even if it is dead, and that, too, is symbolical. Wood is not cold like stone nor hard like marble. From out of a tree, sacred emblem of the cross, I would bring forth the soul of love translated into maternal form through my heart's sorrow.

Before my chisel received its first mallet blow, I knelt, and with my forehead pressed against the rugged trunk invoked divine help. It is no easy work for a woman; I prayed for strength to persist hour after hour, day after day, wielding a two-pound mallet and stopping only when strength ebbed or the chisels blunted.

When after some months the figures had begun to emerge, I found I had reached the tree's heart. It was moist and full of sap. A purple patch of circling lines revealed its age. It seemed as if my tree were weeping, bleeding at the heart—the heart of

Mary bleeding. Eight months from the time I started, six soldiers of a Canadian regiment carried the ten-foot statue up to the village church.

My cousin Shane Leslie, the poet, who was at the unveiling ceremony, wrote of it to a friend: "The figure is really awesome in its beauty, and resembles one of the Gothic figures, at Chartres." Chartres! The church I love best in the world after Assisi. Chartres, the casket wherein is stored the exquisite fragrance of mystic Christianity! If Shane Leslie is right—and through his Catholicism, his asceticism and erudition, he is well fitted to be a judge—if Shane is right, a fraction of that same fragrance is incorporated in the symbolic figure of our Lady of Brede. In the Gothic spirit, I carved my statues for certain defined settings. Envisaging my eventual return to Brede place, I conceived in oak the Risen Lord to enshrine above the old stone altar. I believe I have achieved in dense material the nearest effect possible to levitation. The shoulders are bare, He is freeing Himself from the wrappings of the tomb. The divine head is raised in triumph, the face expresses inner serenity and compassion. For the sake of symbolism, He is crowned with a great circle of thorns, transmuted into a halo.

From Battle abbey (that famous memorial to his victory built by William of Normandy in 1066) came two great trees. One evolved into our Lady of the Immaculate

Conception, my most beloved theme. How Catholic is the refrain: "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb," and indeed it is a blessed time for a mother, before sorrow comes. The other tree, another great Sussex oak, is yet unfinished. It weighed a ton and was shipped to Ireland with my furniture at that tragic time when the ancestral home had to be sold, owing to war taxation. But I had time before I left to carve a crucifix from a three-branched cherry tree. It is seldom that a tree has evenly balanced branches; this one, standing dead as if predestined, in the midst of a flowering spring orchard, was cut down and delivered to me as requested, with all its branches, two of which form the upward extended arms. The third, cut short, forms the forward-hanging head. I learned more about Christ through carving that tree than from all the New Testament. When daylight faded and the firelight flickered, it seemed as if our Lord came to life. Wearily I downed my tools, and He spoke to me. I told Him many things from my heart.

Often I had to dive hurriedly under the steel shelter that stood in the corner of the room. It was a present from Winston because he said I was in the front line!

I had long since found comfort in realization that my son was safe. It had become easy, actually easy to say, "Thy will be done." We had been spared, I felt, much anguish and torture. At times I searched the

face of our Lord crucified and read there His despair over the failure of His message of peace. Was not humanity crucifying Him anew? Today that crucifix hangs in a church in Galway, awaiting its eventual place in the cathedral to be. Great is my emotion when I see people kneeling in prayer before it; and I was stirred deeply when the bishop at the unveiling ceremony kissed the divine feet, the feet that I had carved. Today I am living in Galway, as a Catholic sculptor with the Church for my patron, as in the days of the Renaissance.

I was received at last into the Church a year after the war ended. In a spirit of pilgrimage I arrived one hot August evening at Assisi. The night of my arrival, tired as I was, I went to the Basilica of San Francesco, and down into the dark crypt to the beloved saint's floodlit tomb. There I knelt and confided to him the reason for my coming.

The next morning I was out early climbing up the steep cobblestone street before the heat of the day. I asked a man who was going my way if he could direct me to the Church of Santa Chiara. He answered my broken Italian in fluent French and offered to accompany me. I had addressed myself to the one person in Assisi who could assist me. This retired Swiss hotel-keeper proved to be one of those many saints who never will be canonized! As we chatted along the way I satisfied his curiosity (or whetted

it) by telling him I had come from England to become a Catholic. The little man bubbled with excitement. "The bishop must be informed," he said, and a friar who spoke French must be found to undertake my instruction. I said I had been educated in a convent. The bishop, he thought, "should be informed." I pointed out that my time was limited, because my government limited my money. Of that, too, the bishop would be informed. With his cooperation, I left the hotel and was more suitably installed in a convent.

Every evening I met by appointment the Franciscan friar who spoke French, who led me to the cloister. There we sat on a fallen column, the while I listened. The unforgettable beauty of those days, the magic of Assisi, still impregnated with the spirit of the saint!

It was my fourth day in Assisi. My Swiss friend suggested I might like to go to midnight Mass at San Damiano "because tomorrow is Aug. 12, the feast of St. Clare." I had no idea that St. Clare's feast was on the 12th. A great day for Assisi. I blessed my luck that I had arrived at such a time.

When I retraced my steps that night through the silent, sleeping, moonlit town, little did I know that that very day I would be a Catholic. At the convent a message informed me that the *vicario* of the Cathedral of San Rufino would like to see me at 9 A.M. From the *vicario* I learned

that Bishop Pronti would receive me into the Church at 5 o'clock in the evening.

San Rufino dates back to the 12th century, a magnificent specimen of romanesque architecture. It was here that Francis and Clare were baptized. An unbelievably beautiful setting for the greatest of all events in my life.

The side chapel of the Holy Sacrament had been prepared, and when the bishop arrived the doors were closed to the public. The only witnesses were my Swiss friend, his Italian wife, and an American couple who had lived many years in Assisi. I said my responses in clear Italian, understanding every word. To the bishop I was just a *Signora Inglesi* who had come from England to become a Catholic. He did not know my name.

I had, however, to sign a document of some sort and then he exclaimed in surprise: "You are named Clare? But this is the feast of St. Clare!" But yes! And that was the wonder. Unknown, unplanned, unexpectedly, on the fifth day after my arrival, on the feast of St. Clare, I, Clare, was baptized in that same church where St. Clare, too, was baptized.

On my return to England, I broke my journey at Geneva to spend the day with Winston, who had been lent a villa by the Swiss government and was painting pictures of the lake. He received me with open arms, all smiles.

"I know what you've been up to this time."

How could he know? No one knew; at Assisi I was unknown. But after my departure, it seemed someone (perhaps the Americans?) had explained my identity. Vatican radio had broadcast the news: "Cousin of Winston Churchill a Catholic convert." I was confused, speechless; and Winston, amused by my embarrassment, proceeded to hold forth at the luncheon table, to the assembled party, upon his appreciation of the Catholic Church. "She," he said, "stands today for the dignity and freedom of the individual, as opposed to totalitarianism."

He had been received in audience several times by the Pope, with whom he was on the friendliest terms. They had discussed all the main issues of the day and were in total agreement. I had, in Winston's view, aligned myself at last—on the right side. A long trek from the days of Lenin in the Kremlin.



"**C**ATHOLIC KNEES," result from a regular and prolonged application to a hard surface. Let us hope that this condition reaches epidemic proportions throughout the world during Holy Year.

Alice Hanrahan quoted by Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in *Ave Maria* (11 March '50).



*It's a deep-sea diver's job; \$400 a day and
thrills*

Deep Diving For Abalone

By GORDON L'ALLEMAND

Condensed from *Travel**

EAR San Clemente island, 57 miles off the coast of Southern California, a small boat and two men rode the swells. A dozen sea lions barked and cavorted in the kelp not 50 yards off the *Hornet's* bow. Al (Bozo) Silva, the boatman, brawny and naked to the waist, watched the seals as he smoked.

Suddenly the seals forgot their play and, as one barked excitedly, they all high-tailed for the rocky beach. Bozo, puzzled, watched them scramble onto the rocks. "Hey, Earl, look at the seals," Bozo called. His partner was tending an air line and cutting the strangling kelp from around the rope that ran down 100 feet to abalone-diver Frank Brebes on the ocean floor.

Earl rose. "Something scared them," he said laconically. Bozo turned to the wheel to maneuver the boat after the slowly moving line of bubbles from his diver. Then his canny sixth sense made him look down the coast. He spotted four black dorsal fins sticking five feet out of the sea and bearing down

upon us. "Killer whales, Earl," he yelled. "They'll get Frankie."

Bozo kept an eye on the black fins as he leaned down to the telephone box by the wheel. "Frankie, it's killer whales. Killer whales. Come on up." But the two-way telephone was out of order. They could hear Frankie's orders, but he couldn't hear them. Bozo yelled into the phone. Earl jerked a warning signal on the rope. "What's the matter with that dope," Frankie shouted. "Stop jerking the rope. Talk over the phone. Send down a basket. I got a heavy load of abalone."

Frankie Brebes stood beside a coral rock matted with roots of kelp trees, a rope basket holding three dozen abalones on the sand at his feet. The huge trunks of kelp trees stretched away on all sides like a fairyland orchard. Schools of fish, red, yellow, blue, were swimming around Frankie; two big-headed red-and-black sheepshead fish, a goggle-eyed bass, the sinuous form of a harmless, curious six-foot leopard shark.

Out of the distant shadows the torpedo body of a 25-foot orca, or killer whale, slid up behind Frankie. It hung suspended there, six-foot long flippers moving slowly, saucer eyes glaring, white underbelly agleam.

The rope jerked again. Frankie turned to stare into the face of the whale, not four feet away. His heart seemed to explode. Here was sudden death. In a flash he recalled the viciousness of the orca. He can bite a grown sea lion in half; his huge stomach can hold 13 dolphins and 14 seals, even a whole horse.

"Man, I nearly collapsed," Frankie gasped later. "Why he didn't swallow me I don't know. He was as big as a boxcar. I just edged around behind that rock, jerked a signal, and the boys started pulling me up fast."

Pulling a diver up fast from 100 feet is almost suicidal; he may catch the deadly bends, get bubbles in his blood, swell, die in agony. But there had been no choice. On the way up Frankie peered down and saw the killer searching around the rock for him. When Bozo and Earl got their diver aboard and removed his helmet he was sick to his stomach. That was the closest call Frankie Brebes ever had with death.

That is just one of the dangers that abalone divers face off the California coast as they spend six hours daily, 12 working days a month, for ten months of the year on the sea bottom. But epicureans and plain

good-food-loving folks asking for an abalone dinner in California restaurants know little and are never told of such dangers.

For a one-footed, single-shell individual with the sparkling personality of a cold potato, the abalone is a remarkable little creature. He or it—the abalone is bisexual—has no eyes, but eye spots on the ends of small rods. It can tell day from night, and find the way back to its favorite rock after a night of foraging on kelp or other marine algae. And, brother, when Mr. Abalone clamps the full force of his suction foot onto a rock, nothing less than a tire iron and a mighty heave will loosen him. He will bend a half-inch steel rod easily.

The abalone is really a big marine snail with its back plastered with fine purple hairy seaweed, barnacles, and shell parasites. He is a sort of California legend. Mounds of the beautiful shells have been found around the kitchen middens of old coastal Indian camps from the Ber- ing sea to Mexico. The Indians valued the mollusk as food, for utensils, adornment, and money. Although many species of abalone exist around the world, the largest and finest are found only along the California coast.

California Chinese, after the gold-rush days, collected abalones along the coastal rocks at low tide, drying huge quantities and shipping them to China. Today the state Fish and Game department regulates fishing,

both commercial and skin-diving for sport. The commercial take is limited to approximately seven inches minimum length. Except for this supervision the abalone would soon be extinct.

Before pounding to tenderize the muscle the abalone looks like a whitish chunk of eight-ply tire tread. After pounding with a wooden mallet it becomes juicily tender; tastes like a combination oyster, lobster, and swordfish steak. California natives and tourists around San Francisco alone take nearly 90% of the catch.

The dangers of white sharks, killer whales, sting rays, and moray eels, and getting entangled in kelp do not dampen the ardor of amateur skin-divers. The state Fish and Game department says the abalone is in no danger of being wiped out by commercial fishermen; they stick strictly to taking legal sizes or larger to preserve their living. But the thousands of plain John Does will take even a little dollar-size abalone if they can get away with it, and they can't all be watched.

Frank Brebes, one of the most expert commercial divers, lives at Morro Bay, south of San Francisco. He has five children and has been diving seven years. He often makes \$400 a day, at \$3 a dozen for snagging abalones; and no one denies that he earns every cent of it. He has worked at 170 feet, his record. Divers average 2,000 tons of abalones a year, and are the heart of

this little industry. They lay their lives on the line, their air line, every time they dive. Theirs is the most difficult and debilitating job in all deep-sea fishing.

My thoughts were interrupted when Frank yelled, "Hey, Bozo! Let's fish here. This spot oughta be good." In a flash, big Bozo was up the ladder and at the wheel. The motor roared, the *Hornet* spun on her stern, and swung around to a clear spot in the broad kelp fields.

Earl dragged the 150-pound waterproof canvas diving suit off the cabin top. Frank pulled on specially knitted two-piece woolies next his skin, then two pairs of wool socks, then a sweat shirt and white coveralls. It's cold down there.

Earl helped Frank put on the heavy suit. The oversized shoes encased in 30 pounds of brass came next. Frank's wrists were greased and skintight rubber cuffs were slipped on. Lastly he put on white canvas gloves to guard against coral. Fifty pounds of lead weights were tied onto his copper breastplate, front and back.

Ponderously, Frankie got overside onto the ladder, knee deep into the sea. He was really weighted down, yet no helmet. He grinned up, "You know, couple months ago a diver friend of mine was standing on his boat deck dressed like me, no helmet. They were moving to another spot. A sleeper wave tipped the boat over and he fell off and went down like a shot. Drowned." He shrugged

and grimaced. All part of the game.

Earl strapped a broad leather belt and an oxygen tank around Frank's waist, then a knife for insurance. If the air line got cut, Frank would have a few minutes' supply of oxygen to try and reach surface.

Earl wet a sack of tobacco, and swabbed out the inside of the glass face plate to prevent fogging. He gently lifted the 45-pound helmet on and bolted it down airtight. Air squirted in front center. The telephone diaphragm was on one side, the air-outlet valve to the rear right. All was ready for the plunge.

Frankie stepped down the ladder, suddenly leaped off sideways and water covered his head. Then he bobbed high, grinned through the glass, and slowly sank from sight.

Clouds of bubbles began coming up. In a couple of minutes a line of bubbles moved off along the sea surface. Frankie was on the bottom and on the prow for the succulent abalone.

"Send down the basket," Frank soon called over the telephone. Bozo repeated the order and Earl tied an empty basket to a line and heaved it overside. In a little while came Frank's order: "Pull it up!" Bozo repeated the order and Earl hauled away. They pulled a heavy basket of three dozen abalones onto the deck. Earl dragged them aft and piled them neatly on the stern.

Frank Brebes brought up a full 140 dozen, 1,680 abalones, that day.

The divers average 20 to 50 dozen fishing within their legal depth of 20 to 100 feet. California's annual commercial catch is about 2,100,000 pounds.

The abalone's only enemies are man, the powerful-jawed sheepshead fish, crabs, and old age. Occasionally pearls are found in abalones. Some years ago a diver off the art colony of Laguna Beach found one valued at \$2,000. They are large, green, lustrous. But it is for its steaks that the abalone is famed.

Processing-plant assembly lines can process 1,500 pounds of steaks hourly. Punchers gouge out the meat, trimmers slice off the fringing waste, machines slice the white steaks, and pounders soften the muscles expertly. The steaks are packed into five and ten-pound boxes, rushed into 45-ton refrigerators to await shipment.

Undoubtedly the abalone steaks are at their best in the world as served at the world-famous Tarantino's restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco, "Abalone à la Tarantino." Chef Paul dips his abalone steaks lightly in flour, then soaks them in pure egg yolks for several hours, sealing in the natural juices. In cooking, the steak is gently laid on a buttered griddle, sizzling hot. Now the steak is cooked to a golden color with just 30 seconds on a side, no more. It is served with a seafood or mixed green salad and chilled sauterne wine.

How To Be a Bird Addict

By MILDRED STEVENSON

Condensed from *Recreation**



WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lane stroll through their garden in Ithaca, N. Y., tiny chickadees crowd around, dive in to their pockets for food, perch on their shoulders, even snatch seeds from their lips. Other persons have taught woodpeckers to snatch nuts from the air, just as a trained dog grabs at a tossed ball. They have found that attracting birds to one's home means new fun, new interest and education for everyone in the family.

The care and feeding of birds is an increasingly popular pastime, as evidenced by the birdhouses and feeding trays on display in suburban hardware stores.

The public should, however, be warned of one fact before it is too late: the birds are not content just to let you feed them. They insist upon altering your very lives. Case histories prove this.

As stressed by Chandler S. Robins of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife

service, it is possible, by furnishing food, water and protection, to lure at least 20 species to virtually any city back yard if only there is shrubbery or a tree not too distant. A large number may even be drawn to an apartment window. You simply dig pools amid your greenery or place bits of looking glass at the bottom of shallow pans filled with water. Catching the glint of reflected sun from these, the bird comes down to drink and rest. Then it spies raw hamburger or other meat scraps, oatmeal, spaghetti, seed and suet which you have scattered on a cleared patch of loose earth where it may also scratch for the grit it must have to grind its food.

Ground-eaters, such as robins, will be satisfied with this layout. However, after a few nibbles, most of the birds will look up at the feeding tray placed overhead, convinced that what was on the ground merely spilled from this. The tray may be a simple platform up to three by three feet, stripped at the edges to prevent

overflowing, and superimposed on a pole or hung from a tree. Or it may be a glass-roofed contraption placed on any window sill not much higher than a near-by tree.

Spread the trays with trade-marked bird seed. Or, because eating habits differ with locations and species, you can find out what your visitors like best by setting out sunflower seed, peanut hearts, hemp, millet, cracked wheat and chicken feed, supplementing this seed diet with suet plus peanut-butter canapés, bits of doughnuts, corn bread, pie—whatever you have. If you do these things, within weeks you will be surprised at the variety of feathers and song in a neighborhood you previously imagined was populated exclusively by English sparrows.

In the meantime something will have happened to you. For instance, squirrels, which you previously believed were cute, will become pests because they insist on hogging the birds' dinner.

One old lady in our town takes squirrels so seriously that she sits by her window all day just so that when one appears in her feeder she may yank a cord threaded through the wall to a Rube Goldbergian device which rattles a can of marbles in the squirrel's ear.

When such concern registers itself the uninitiated may suspect your sanity, but it is merely one of the steps in the development of the bird addict. From now on you will not be satisfied to have casual bird call-

ers. You will want colonies. You will begin catering to them to this end.

For example, birds need winter shelter. Thousands upon thousands of bluebirds once perished in an icy storm because their frail feet froze to their exposed perches. In lieu of natural cover, you will want to provide a substitute. You can upend orange crates, cover these with tar paper and cleat them together in the form of a U, with the back sides to the wind and the entrance to the south, then sprinkle them with seed as lure.

Another mark of bird addiction is mounting wrath against cats. One cat may kill 100 birds in a summer. Even with bells around their necks they learn to stalk without a jangle. None but the reckless bird will remain long where there are prowlers, so persons who formerly liked cats begin searching for ways and means to get rid of them. The U. S. Fish and Wildlife service gives you a never-fail method under the title, *How to Get Rid of a Vagrant Cat*.

Shrubby which you formerly kept trimmed will be allowed to become a thicket for nesting places. You may even make over your garden, adding food-producing vegetation: trees such as Russian mulberry, chokeberry, mountain ash, spruce, pine, juniper, hawthorn, crab apple, beech, oak and birch, to name a few; bushes such as bittersweet, viburnum, mock orange, bayberry, shadbush, honeysuckle, blue cornel;

flowers such as prince's-feather, love-lies-bleeding, asters, California poppies, cosmos, marigolds, sunflowers, forget-me-nots. Such plantings will feed your birds into late winter.

You also might bundle neutral-hued string, yarn and ravelings into one of those mesh bags in which oranges are sold and tie it to low branches. Birds often are particular about color, and no bird seeking materials for an inconspicuous nest will tolerate red.

One result of all this is that you will have birds in your back yard that you never saw before, except in Audubon prints. Don't expect more than one pair of some varieties, though, for when the male bursts with spring song he is warning his own species to stay away.

Birds enjoy music. Searching parties could not discourage one mocker which, from the bushes, haunted the Washington Symphony's outdoor concerts with notes that trailed three bars behind the musicians. In *Peter and the Wolf* a flute imitates a bird; he imitated the flute imitating the bird so lustily that it nearly wrecked the performance. So inspired was he by Dorothy Maynor, the soprano, that he flew to a flagpole overhead, faced the audience, and made it a duet.

You will have adventures all right. If you want to double them you should have houses for those birds which, through the centuries, have accustomed themselves to roofs over their nests.

Just because no bird ever inhabited that 50-cent house you bought at the drugstore, or the one Junior made in manual training, don't despair. A birdhouse is a highly specialized piece of real estate which must be tailored to exacting specifications for each species. It must be placed in the location and at the height the bird wants; the entrance must be just large enough to let him in and keep anything bigger out.

As a result of years of research, the Audubon society and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife service can send you instructions for making houses according to bird specifications.

In communities throughout the U. S. and Canada, there are increasing thousands of lawyers, doctors, housewives and mechanics who forego the comfort of their homes at Christmas to take a bird census. They tramp their areas, happy as they list sparrows, rapturous as they discover Antarctic gulls near Lake Erie and orioles in New Jersey. The Audubon society tally for 1947 disclosed that they had taken an actual census of 5,573,000 birds.

Interest in birds spreads as a contagious disease. Wherever one person cares for them a neighbor observes his fun and does likewise, until a whole community is involved. If you think it incredible that they might change your life, too, just try setting out your first pan of crumbs and see what happens to you.

*Everyone, including the crying baby,
is welcome at the Vatican*

Rome Revisited

By ANN CARNAHAN

Condensed from a book*

AFTER Mass in the great cathedral down the street, His Eminence Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli came to breakfast at the home of Archbishop John Glennon of St. Louis. It was the summer of 1936. Cardinal Pacelli, now Pope Pius XII, was the Secretary of State of the Holy See.

I knelt before him, one of a group. His smile, meant for all of us, was the gentle, faraway smile of an ascetic. But his deep eyes were not aloof, not cold; rather, brilliant and magnetic. They carried the impact of a world force. His eyes rested on me for a moment.

In the next 12 busy years, I dreamed of seeing again the man of the saintly but strong face who in 1939 became the Vicar of Christ. I wanted to climb to the highest point in the great dome of St. Peter's, to see the whole of the world's smallest and in some ways most powerful

state. I wanted to walk about in the Holy City, see the sights, talk to some of the people who live and work in the place which has been world headquarters of the Catholic Church for 20 centuries. And, being a writer, I wanted to write about it.

In July, 1948, I went to Rome. I had a magazine assignment and ten days in which to cover it. I finished in a week, with three days left to investigate 2,000 years of the Vatican. Of course it didn't work, but I tried to follow a three-point plan.

I first discovered that an audience with the Pope, on such short notice, was impossible. His Holiness was at Castel Gandolfo on his one brief holiday of the year. This meant no vacation from his enormous responsibilities, but audiences were discouraged.

After Sunday Mass, I tried point 2 of my program. I walked to the entrance of St. Peter's basilica and, a bit



*The Vatican. Copyright, 1949, by the author. Published by Farrar Straus & Co., New York City. 192 pp. \$4.

to the left, waited for an elevator to take me to the cupola. The machine was in "seasonal disrepair," I was told finally by a passing San Pietrino (worker). Would I walk the more than 1,000 steps straight up toward the broiling July sun? It was too much. I took my disappointment to the cool marble corridors of the Pinacoteca and tramped through three miles of the Vatican art collections.

The third point of my plan would be simple. I had read that the Holy City was so small one might walk across it, from wall to wall, in 15 or 20 minutes. From a saints' calendar on my hotel-room wall, I mapped for my last day in Rome an easy walking tour across the Vatican's 108 acres.

In the morning, a little after six o'clock, the matin bells were silent. From my window I could see most of Rome; in the distance lay the Tiber and beside it rose the dome of St. Peter's. Everything was quiet. Not just early-morning quiet, but the uneasy hush of a general strike called the day before when communist leader Togliatti had been shot while coming through the doorway of Italy's Chamber of Deputies. All Romans were staying behind closed doors.

In the stillness, I set off across the empty streets on my way to see the miniature city-state that would fit on an 18-hole golf course.

When I arrived, the Piazza of St. Peter was almost deserted. A few

black-garbed priests and nuns in crisp starchy blue habits walked past me and climbed the steps to the church. There were none of the usual taxis or carriages. No postcard stands. No guides. The man who sold rosaries was not at his place.

The Swiss Guards were posted, as they have been for five centuries, at the Gate of the Bells. I told them in stumbling French why I was there before nine o'clock in the morning. They smiled, and swung open the black-and-white-striped barrier of the Vatican frontier.

In the office for visitors' permissions, I explained again and showed my passport. On the first page my occupation was listed—*Journalist*. "No," said the officer, "this *Journalist* means you must make a request in writing to the authorities."

I protested, "But today I'm just a tourist."

The officer was sorry; but No was still the answer.

No audience with the Holy Father. No survey of the Vatican from the dome. No walking tour. I went into the cool depth of the cathedral. I sat down quietly on a choir bench in the apse. A few pilgrims filtered through the dim light into the shafts of sunlight hovering around the great Bernini columns of the high altar. They peered down into the place of St. Peter's tomb. Boys in lace surplices came along to check the candles in a little chapel near the confessionals. The boys, as serv-

ants of the Church, were free to come and go at will in the Holy City; the pilgrims and I were not. Still, I thought, millions of people would give much to be where we were, to see what we had already seen in the great Christian church founded near the spot of St. Peter's crucifixion.

After an hour on the choir bench, I walked slowly around. I saw with better eyes what I had seen the day before. As I stood near the heavenly mosaic copied from Raphael's "Transfiguration," a priest passed me and said, "Good morning."

We spoke of the treasures of the church and I asked about the construction shafts leading down into the crypts below.

"Are you English or American?"

"American," I said. And then suddenly I said much more—I told him the story of my plans and how they had come to nothing.

"Father," I finished, "in this post-war turmoil, there are many new questions about religion in the minds of all of us. About the strength of the Church—and the attacks on it. About the Holy Father. He is now something much more than the spiritual leader of the Roman Catholics; his plans and programs to promote peace affect all of us. Even the decisions he makes for his Church influence us. I am one of millions who want to know more about him: how he lives and works, who works for him, with him, the daily life of the people

in his little state. The Church may be 20 centuries old, but Vatican City is just 20 years old; no one outside knows enough about it.

"In the Holy Year of 1949-50, they say 5 million pilgrims will come to Rome. From England, France, Italy, South America, China, Japan, Africa, and the U. S. They will see St. Peter's and the art collections or the Library—just a part of the Vatican. Those who cannot travel to Rome will miss even that. Now I have seen a little, I want to know more. Others will be just like me. Why can't I—?"

The priest stopped me. "I think you can. Get help, from Vatican authorities, from your American Embassy people in Rome. If you really want to tell the story, it can be told."

Seven months later I flew back to Rome with photographer David Seymour and the hope that the friendly priest was right. For ten weeks we lived in Vatican City—seven days a week from early morning, when the gates were unlocked to admit the first workmen and provisions, until late at night when they were barred against the city outside.

Mr. Seymour and I walked wall to wall, not once but many times, to photograph and rephotograph the shops and stores and little back streets of the Holy City. We talked to workmen, cooks, and plasterers working three floors and 17 centuries below the basilica. Repair artists doctoring the famous Raphael frescos, lawyers of the Sacra Rota, carpet cleaners in the Sistine chapel

and plain-clothes men of the Pontifical Guard became our friends. We called on officials in the Secretariat of State, cardinals, newsmen, the world's most famous bookworms and art authorities. We ate our lunch in the workers' canteen, cheered a soccer game at the Ethiopian college.

We were forbidden nothing. Day after day we were ushered through the maze of secret passages, locked gates, forgotten rooms, by an official Guards' officer of the Vatican, assigned to us as an "angel," with instructions to help us find the best material for my book.

Six times I was in audience with the Holy Father. The first time I saw Eugenio Pacelli as Pius XII was on his birthday, when he also celebrated the 10th anniversary of his election as Pope.

Yellow-and-white papal flags flew from almost every building in the Holy City on the morning of March 2, 1949, when I presented my formal invitation to the Swiss Guards at the Bronze door. After a quick glance at my papers and a smart salute, I was permitted to climb shakily up the great stair to the Court of St. Damascus. At the elevator to the papal apartments, I was met by a footman. Through room after room, beautifully painted and decorated in red and gold and white, I followed my guide. Finally I was seated in the little red throne room, just five rooms away from the private office of His Holiness, and had a

chance to look around at others who were to share my privilege.

Presently, we were joined by a young American couple with four children. The mother carried a baby in her arms. As they were seated by a papal chamberlain, the infant awakened and began to howl. At a high note in his terrified wailing, the chamberlain came back to call the family into the next room for presentation to the Pope. The mother jumped up. She looked first at the chamberlain in his formal black broadcloth and lace, then at her sobbing young one. The chamberlain shook his head from left to right.

The mother glanced at the nuns, turned to me. "American?" she asked. Five seconds later I was pacing the gold-and-rose-circled Aubusson carpet—ten times clockwise and ten reverse. I gently patted the back of my small charge; he cried still louder. I jiggled him up and down. Then I thumped him solidly and rhythmically until, after a half hour, he gave a large hiccup and sagged asleep. The Noble Guards in attendance grinned beneath their flaring mustaches.

The shoulder of my black dress was damp; the baby's tears had soaked the black silk rebozo I wore to cover my hair. My arms ached and I was warm with embarrassment when the mother hurried back into the room.

"Quick," she said as she retrieved her burden, "His Holiness says he doesn't care if the baby does cry!"

*Communism makes only promises;
Nova Scotia is the land of fulfillment*

Cooperatives Are the Way Out

By JOHN MASON POTTER

Condensed from the Boston *Sunday Post**

THE first of May used to be a big day in Nova Scotia. Early in the morning the miners from Glace Bay, New Aberdeen, and elsewhere would gather in Sydney and march through the streets by the thousands, bearing red flags and placards with Marxist slogans, and chanting communist songs. With them would march steelworkers from Sydney's mills. Sometimes there would be as many as 10,000 men in the demonstration.

Among those who used to watch the paraders with foreboding was a young man, Francis J. Smyth. He was vice president of an independent union of store clerks. He would wonder, as did thousands of Canadians, how the growing communist menace could be stopped. Times were tough, and the men were desperate. If the Reds could grow to such strength among the miners and steelworkers, what would happen when the farmers and fishermen, whose plight was just as bad, be-

came infected? He knew that the Reds thought of Sydney and the mining area as a beachhead in North America.

The ex-union leader, ex-store clerk is now Father Smyth of St. Francis Xavier university in Antigonish. He reports that only a handful is left of the thousands of communists who walked the streets in his native city in the early 30's.

The defeat of the communists in their stronghold was made possible by the Antigonish movement which first swept into the Nova Scotian city some 18 years ago, says Father Smyth. The movement which sprang up out of the soil of Antigonish has done the things that communism promises to do—but does not.

And today a world tired and fearful of communism is turning more and more to the tiny fishing village of Antigonish and its small university for the secret of how to lick the Reds. Men are coming from the

U.S., other parts of Canada, and Central and South America to study the movement and its techniques.

It was back in 1932, a bad year if there ever was one, when the Antigonish movement first invaded the Reds' industrial stronghold. The Bishop of Antigonish called a conference to discuss whether the Antigonish movement, sponsored by St. Francis Xavier university, should be carried into Sydney, or confined to the agricultural areas and fishing villages. Every priest in the diocese was there, along with two parishioners.

Speaker after speaker got up to criticize the miners and steelworkers as a bunch of Reds who had turned their backs on God and the Church.

Then Alec S. MacIntyre got up. He was a left-wing miner who had been active in the leadership of the miners' union. He had a vivid memory of how bitter the fight had been to organize the union. Troops had mounted machine guns on every government building, and even on Church property, and there had been no sympathy for the miners—except from the communists. But he was no communist himself.

MacIntyre spoke for two hours, in the strong, direct language of the miners. He criticized those who had turned their backs on the men. He declared that they were not communists at heart, but desperate men waging a bitter fight to better themselves.

At the end of his talk it was de-

cided to extend the Antigonish work to the industrial areas. MacIntyre, who was esteemed by all the miners except the dyed-in-the-wool communists, agreed to become a field worker.

The communists did everything they could to discredit the movement and to put obstacles in his way. But he went on. He set to work organizing small groups of eight or ten.

Each group met regularly in some miner's home. He organized some 300 such groups in the Glace Bay area, and the Antigonish movement was well under way. Leaders, either from the university or trained by the university, led discussions. In a little while the men had a fundamental knowledge of economics. They realized as they never had before what they needed to better themselves was not a communist regime but an economic system, minus Marxist doctrines, that would give them financial resources controlled by themselves.

Credit unions were started. It was not easy to get the miners to save money, for the habit of thrift was not widespread among them. From the credit unions came cooperative housing projects, financed by the miners themselves. Thus they gradually realized that there are alternatives to communism, less violent, more effective, and far from godless.

In 1934, when the communists tried to take the miners' union into the Communist Trade Union Unity

league, MacIntyre, who still held his union card, was invited by the president of the miners' union to speak. The president was a non-communist.

MacIntyre attacked the communist attempt, and then men from the Antigonish discussion groups stood up and attacked the communist resolution, point by point. The resolution was defeated, and thereafter the Red tide ebbed in Sydney. The next year the annual May Day parade was held, but it was a frail one, and since then Red sympathizers have been too few to stage a parade.

This is how the Antigonish movement began. In 1928 the faculty of St. Francis Xavier university had decided that something had to be done about conditions at their doorstep. In Antigonish and in the other fishing villages along the Nova Scotia and Cape Breton coasts, the men were being so poorly paid for their fishing catches that they were unable to buy gasoline for their boats. Farmers were equally bad off.

Father M. M. Coady, now Monsignor Coady, Father Jimmie Tompkins, and Dr. Hugh MacPherson felt that the answer to the plight of the men lay right in Nova Scotia and not in communism or government aid from Ottawa.

They talked with the natural leaders in the towns and villages and made their own studies. It became obvious that the people needed credit unions to free themselves from the monopoly of the village

storekeepers. In most places, the storekeepers ran the town.

Usually there would be only one store in the village, and the merchant would extend credit on his own terms during the off seasons. He would charge what he liked for his merchandise, but buy fish and farm produce from the farmers at his own prices. The people were kept in poverty, and storekeepers prospered. There were exceptions, but that was the pattern.

After the discussion groups had mastered the fundamentals of economics, they set about establishing their credit unions, so that they would not have to borrow from the storekeeper. Later came other ventures. Cooperative stores came into being where members could buy their necessities at market prices, but receive a semiannual patronage refund. Cooperative marketing arrangements boosted prices: fishermen who once had to take \$10 a crate for lobsters now got \$32.

Storekeepers and others yelled "socialism." But the movement spread. Soon the men were getting housing through their cooperatives and their own labor.

Although started by the priests and faculty of the Catholic university, the effort was nonsectarian from the start. Today the Protestants in it equal the Catholics, and Protestants, both lay and clerical, are taking leading roles. A Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Nelson MacDonald, is on the university's staff.

Suspensions of proselytism which prevailed at first have long since disappeared. Bigotry was attacked by Father Tompkin's statement, which has been widely quoted since, that "There's no Catholic or Protestant way to catch a lobster."

Today the movement has 100,000 members in the Maritimes, which have a population of about 1½ million. There are some 400 cooperatives and credit unions, and the general prosperity of the section is so greatly improved that the sons of Maritime fishermen and farmers no longer migrate to the U. S. for work.

Right now, the movement is seek-

ing funds for an International House at the university for the use of students from the U. S. and from Central and South America. Though many of the students come from prosperous areas, others are from distressed sections which hope that they may find a solution to their economic and social problems without going to Marx. An example is Puerto Rico, one of the most thickly populated and poverty-stricken places under the American flag. There the government has received the aid of the Nova Scotian institution in setting up its own version of the Antigonish movement.

This Struck Me

THE TITLE of Bruce Marshall's recent book "To Every Man A Penny" is somewhat perplexing. Even though we are convinced that each laborer in the Gospel parable received his due wages, we have a secret feeling that the 11th-hour worker got the best of the bargain. Marshall's hero furnishes the key to the problem.*

The train rattled through the tunnel, but the abbé didn't notice the stations because he was thinking about the Lord's mysteries and about how imperfectly he understood them. One of them, however, he thought he was beginning to understand, and that was why all the workers in the vineyard were paid a penny, whether they had borne the heat and burden of the day or not. He thought that it was because so much of the labor was its own reward just as so much of the world was its own punishment. The Abbé Gaston suddenly realized that he was going to be very happy indeed as resident chaplain to the nuns.

*Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., 1949. 345 pp. \$3.

For similar contributions of this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

*The saying "Don't go near the water"
is out of date*

Teach Your Kids To Swim

By JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

Condensed from
the Los Angeles Examiner*



It is bitterly tragic that 7,000 Americans are likely to die this year by drowning. That's the national average, and it's a disgrace. It is an indictment of an age that lives so fast it fails to take the time to learn the simple skills which primitive man found necessary to his self-preservation.

The irony of the drowning-death toll is that it is so needless. Swimming is easy to learn. It comes naturally to those who are unafraid of the water. I was in knee pants when I learned to swim, and little dreamed then that I was headed for the Olympic teams of 1924 and 1928.

I knew only the wonderful thrill of being on my own in the water—a thrill that from time before memory has lured youth to rivers, lakes, and sandy beaches at tidewater.

I was a lucky kid. My folks lived in Chicago, and I grew up near Lake Michigan. The water was my friend. Even before I learned to swim, I walked in the sand and waded in the shallows. But facilities for swimming are available in al-

Johnny Weissmuller won five Olympic championships. During his career, he won 52 national championships and broke 67 world's records, many of which have never been bettered.

most every community today. Swimming instruction is part of the program of most recreation departments in our larger cities. Many schools have their own pools, and these facilities are augmented by YMCA's, CYO's, Knights of Columbus gyms, and other community centers. There is no excuse for any physically fit American boy or girl not knowing how to swim.

And yet, just last September when the steamer *Noronic* burned at Toronto, 121 persons died. Eyewitnesses recounted stories of passengers leaping from the burning vessel, only to struggle briefly and drown before rescuers reached them. The same grim story is true of all our major water disasters—the 812 who died when the *Eastland* capsized in the Chicago river in 1915, the 1,198

dead when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed in the same year. Many of those unfortunate persons might have been saved had they known the rudiments of swimming. If only they had known how to tread water, float, or swim only a few strokes to a bit of wreckage that would have supported them until help came!

No less tragic are the lonely dramas enacted time and again each summer on our lakes and rivers. Someone leans from a boat or canoe, falls into the water, and dies, simply because he could not swim, or because his companions could not swim or had never learned rescue methods.

The chief obstacle is fear—on the part of parents who are themselves afraid of the water and the fear of the child who has been subjected to the “throw him in the water and make him swim” school of thought. I don’t subscribe to that technique. It may work sometimes, but it is far more likely to create a psychological hazard.

Al Lundy of North Hollywood, who has had more experience teaching youngsters to swim than anyone I know, says the biggest part of swimming instruction is psychological, and must come first. Before he teaches a child a stroke or kick, he teaches first that water is friendly, that the body is buoyant, and that water sport is fun. He keeps his little pupils “bubbling” in shallow water: inhaling deeply, then ducking their heads under water, “bub-

bling” the breath out slowly before raising their heads for a new breath.

“By learning to breathe properly, the fear of water is avoided,” Lundy says. “If you merely throw a child in, subjecting him to choking and strangling when he gulps water, you have succeeded only in creating a sense of panic that will always be present. Even though the child eventually learns to swim he will be subject to that fear. It may appear in nightmares; it may mean his death if he ever gets into a real emergency in the water.”

Alert children can be taught to swim at almost any age. Many of Lundy’s pupils are under five years old. Sheryl Pope, 5½, dives and swims with no fear whatsoever.

But the ideal age at which to begin, Lundy says, is seven years. He finds that a child of seven understands what he is talking about, and cooperates in bubbling and leg exercises. This early start in swimming instructions is especially important because it is this very age group that will contribute the greatest number to that tragic total headed “Death by Drowning” compiled by the National Safety council.

To swim well is fun, it’s healthful, and it saves lives. But it should not be overdone, especially in the polio season. But I’d like to explode the popular notion that swimming pools are dangerous breeding grounds for the polio virus. Dr. Albert G. Bower, chief of the communicable-disease division of the

Los Angeles County General hospital, where physicians in 1948 battled the nation's worst polio epidemic in recent years, tells me that "no case of polio ever has been traced to a swimming pool." He feels sure that the only danger is the tendency of some youngsters to overexert them-

selves, but adds, "This can happen in your own back yard."

To swim is fun for the physically fit. And to thousands of children under par, it offers the finest means of developing strong, well-coordinated bodies. And it saves lives, maybe your own or your child's.

The Open Door

SEVERAL years ago I gave a young lady a little identification case in which was enclosed a message reading, "I am a Catholic; in case of accident call a priest." Several months later, she in turn gave it away, to a young non-Catholic gentleman who said he would wear it just to please her. Months later he was involved in an automobile accident which knocked him unconscious. In trying to identify him, bystanders found the identification case and note. They took him to a Catholic hospital, where a priest administered Extreme Unction and gave him conditional absolution.

When, several days later, the patient regained consciousness, the priest told him about it. The puzzled patient was very much surprised and wanted to know the meaning of the sacraments he had so inadvertently received. When he had finished learning about these, he wanted to know still more. He ended up by taking instructions and joining the Church.

FOLLOWING a Communion breakfast I attended in Tokyo a few months ago, the principal speaker, a Catholic brigadier-general, told of his conversion to the faith. It had come about, he said, through the exemplary courage of a young corporal with whom he had served in France during the 1st World War. "I can't even recall his name now," he added with feeling in his voice, "but wherever he is, God bless him." Every night, the general went on to explain, regardless of the taunts, wisecracks and objects aimed at him by his comrades, the Catholic corporal knelt down alongside his blankets to say his prayers. At the conclusion of his speech, the general was congratulated by many of his avid listeners, including a middle-aged Catholic chaplain who clasped the speaker's hand nervously and affectionately as he said, "You're sure, general, you weren't the sergeant who stuck the big icicle down my back that cold, winter night back in 1917! Corporal Sweeney was the name!"

For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.

The Coming Defeat of Communism

By JAMES BURNHAM

*Condensed from the book**



JAMES BURNHAM, at present a member of the Department of Philosophy of New York university, was in the 1930's trying to build a new revolutionary Communist party, independent of Stalinism. In 1940, though, after a long controversy with Leon Trotsky, he broke definitely with every variety of communism. His intellectual analyses of the social revolution of our time have won him a world-wide audience, for he is noted for his thoroughness and integrity. Besides direct observations of conditions here and abroad, the primary source for *The Coming Defeat of Communism* was hundreds of talks with the world's leading statesmen, intellectuals, and authorities on communism.

**The Coming Defeat of Communism*. Copyright 1949-1950 by the author.
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*We, too, can fight a cold war.
We will win if we are alert—and keep faith with ourselves*

The Coming Defeat of Communism

By JAMES BURNHAM

IN A MEASURE reached only twice before in Western history, we are told that we live in an age of crisis, that we face the possibility of catastrophe. But whether men today believe themselves to be in the midst of crisis is after all secondary. The more central question is not of belief but of fact. Is our age in crisis?

Two world wars within a generation, destroying from 50 to 100 million human lives and several trillion dollars' worth of human products, would seem, alone, to be enough evidence for a positive answer. The wars, however, are only an item in a list. Six million Jews slaughtered in death factories must be added; 15, 20, 30 million persons thrown into slave camps; millions of peasants killed because they loved their land; crowds of tens of millions, refugees and displaced persons and exiles, wandering across Eurasia in swarms that make the barbarian hordes of the 3rd and 4th centuries seem as minor as neighborhood gangs. An economic depression that shakes the structure of the world, wild inflations that wipe out the money and savings of a dozen nations, trials and purges that liquidate hundreds of thousands of men

are not phenomena of normality. The great wave of revolution that broke in 1917 has waxed and ebbed, but has never subsided. It pounds at every shore, from the islands of East Asia to the borders of the Panama canal.

From the watchtowers of Westchester, Lake Forest, the Peninsula, Grosse Pointe, and the Main Line, from those social islands where crises are confined, as a rule, to the bedroom and the country club, it is difficult to sight catastrophe. Yet Hiroshima had also its well-kept gardens. The lawns and trees of Zehlendorf were not proof against bombs and fire and rape. Destruction at Coventry was not selective in its victims, and there were bankers and industrialists in the large houses around Cologne. The dachas, near Stalingrad, of plant managers and politicians disintegrated along with workers' tenements.

The crisis of our time is not a vague foreboding. It is presented to the senses, most palpable. In the streets of Darmstadt, one sees not a single building whole. From St. Paul's in London one sees blocks of empty cellars, from which weeds and even trees now grow. Jammed freight cars rolling toward Siberia

from the Baltic, and carrying three nations to dissolution, reflect crisis, as do the tribunals at Budapest and Prague and Bucharest. The crisis can be touched at Leningrad, in the center of Rotterdam or Beauvais, or in the narrow, shell-crumbled alleys of the small hill towns of Italy. It is acutely visible to one who, standing at the edge of Berlin's Soviet sector, looks back over the acres of wasteland, surrounded by the ruined walls of the great embassies, that are the heart of the once imperial city.

Nor have all the towers, or governments, yet fallen. The forced wanderings of peoples hardly seem ended. The most sanguine observer cannot find the bases of stability.

There are many phases to our crisis. It appears, for example, as a moral and religious crisis, as a crisis in the arts, and as a crisis in the economic structure; and each furnishes the groundwork for another possibility of catastrophe. My chief concern is with only two phases, and with the first only in its bearing upon the second. There is what might be called the physical crisis, the content of which is the existence of the nuclear, biological, and similar weapons of mass destruction. It reflects the possibility of catastrophe in the annihilation of civilized society and perhaps of mankind. There is, finally, the political crisis, which results from the fact that there are now only two major power centers, and that these are incom-

patible with each other. The possible catastrophe is the conquest of a monopoly of world power by communism.

SINCE 1943 there has been a long series of high-level conferences with the Soviet Union and the U. S. as the principal participants. Meetings of the UN, both of the Security council and the Assembly, are a running addition to the series which, at lower levels, has been almost continuous in activities ranging from refugees and trade regulation to freedom of the press.

The labors in conference delivery rooms never fail to give birth to public memoranda, "understandings," and even treaties like those for Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Rumania. If we consider these offspring singly and at face value, they do not seem at all bad from our point of view. They are always polite and often friendly. Agreement, at least up to a point, is always reached. There seems, from the documents, to have been a meeting of minds, a give and take, with points conceded and points won on both sides. Democracy, freedom, law, and justice are invariably upheld.

Nevertheless, the historical accompaniment of those documents has been the steady advance of communist power, and the loss of one after another anti-communist position. It somehow works out that when a conference document assigns an asset to the communists—

territory or port rights or reparations or administrative control or economic privileges, that asset is always taken over, usually with back interest. But when the documents allot an asset to non-communists—free elections or political rights (in Berlin, say, or Dairen) or powers of intervention under peace treaties (in the Balkans, for example) or respect for a church or non-communist political parties—then somehow the asset evaporates during the months succeeding the proclamation of the document, and even turns into a liability.

Something seems to have gone wrong with these conferences and their verbal result.

WESTERN diplomats have usually entered international conferences with the assumption that, whatever disputes divided them, there existed a fundamental basis of agreement; that, with respect to at least certain aims, they were seeking the same thing. Each knew that he was expected to press the particular interests of his own nation as skillfully as he could; but he was aware that these interests were limited on the one hand by his nation's power and on the other by the common framework. If a war had been fought to redress the broken balance of European power, each did as well as he could for his own; but all were agreed that a reasonably livable European structure was the objective. If England and the U. S. were

in dispute over a boundary line, each argued for the most favorable parallel, but both assumed that the line was going to be drawn somewhere, and without war. No one aimed at the literal destruction of peoples. Each might want a favoring arrangement on extradition or tariffs or exchange or radio bands or marine law, but each wanted some arrangement.

Western representatives have carried this same assumption into their conferences with the Soviet Union. They are not so naïve as some of their critics imagine them to be. They understand, and have understood from the beginning, that there are multitudinous conflicts between the interests of the Soviet Union and those of the Western powers. They have not expected the task of resolving those conflicts to be short or easy. They have also, however, assumed that they and the Soviet representatives share at least some basis of final agreement, however narrow, and seek also at least some of the same things, however few. The Kremlin, they have known, wants as much as it can possibly get—but not, they have thought, everything. In their assumptions, the leaders of the Western nations have been deceived.

Communist aims in all meetings, whatever form they take, are the following:

1. To use the conference as a "forum" from which to speak to "the masses," and to influence world

public opinion. This aim explains the long and florid orations of Molotov and Vishinsky and Gromyko and Manuilsky that seem so irrelevant or even ridiculous to non-communist delegates. The communists rate very high the uses of the type of forum which UN conferences provide. They know that when they speak in their own name from their own platform many ears are closed in advance against them. Therefore they must seek means for addressing the masses which are not themselves plainly identifiable as communist, means which can give the whole proceeding a non-communist, more "objective" label.

2. By appeals to the masses, to weaken and to undermine the non-communist representatives and their governments in relation to their respective citizens. Thus, through their agitation in the conferences of recent years, they seek to persuade especially the citizens of the U. S. (the main enemy) that their government is "reactionary," "imperialist," and "warmongering."

3. To use every opportunity offered by the inside position at the conferences to divide and embitter relations among the non-communist delegates and governments. Thus they have seized every chance to widen potential rifts (over Palestine or Germany or trade or the East Indies or whatever the issue may be) between Britain and the U. S. especially, or between either of these and China, France, Holland, the

Arab nations, and Latin America.

4. To block or shunt aside, again from the advantageous inside position, attempts by non-communist governments, particularly the U. S., to develop and pursue an independent anti-communist policy.

5. To use the conferences as a cover, a screen, a diversion, under the protection of which world communism can proceed with a minimum of hindrance in carrying out its own communist policy: namely, the preparation for the open stage of the third world war and the triumph of the world communist empire. Thus a conference on Trieste can cover a coup in Czechoslovakia; or a long, futile meeting on Berlin and Germany can divert attention from China.

TRUE, at a particular conference the communists may actually want, for reasons of immediate expediency, agreement on some definite point. They will agree, if this is consistent with the tactics of the moment. After wearing out the other representatives with weeks of apparently pointless discussion that seems to be getting repetitiously nowhere, they usually succeed in gaining their point as a minor clause or subparagraph in the final memorandum.

In general, however, communists do not go to these conferences to get agreements. They go to block agreements that might inconvenience their plans, and to further the five aims just summarized. Commu-

nists and non-communists are not, thus, in any respect "seeking the same thing." There is no common ground between them.

The result is that international conferences with the communists never serve our interests. And the record from 1944 shows that we have lost from every conference with the communists, and they have invariably gained. No matter what seemed to have gone on at Yalta, Potsdam, London, Teheran, New York or Paris, no matter what memoranda or contracts resulted, we lost—they gained.

These results cannot be explained by accident or by personal ineptness of our representatives. There is no reason to suppose that our representatives are less intelligent, loyal or learned than theirs. The cause of our failures lies in part in the inadequacy of our general foreign policy, and partly in our lack of understanding of the meaning of such conferences.

For the communists, these conferences are battlegrounds; and the performances of their delegates are acts of war. Against an enemy who does not fight back, they must win all the victories.

They will continue to, until we revise our assumptions.

To the question, "What is to be expected from Europe?" the answer must be: from continental Europe, under its present circumstances, very little, and perhaps less than nothing. However, present governments and

parties are not identical with Europe, and present circumstances are not necessarily eternal.

The communists stand actively for the death of Europe—its death, that is to say, as a historical, cultural, and moral entity, since victory of communism must mean destruction of the values and traditions which give Europe its meaning.

The attitude of many European parties and leaders, and of some West European governments, is equivalent to a passive acceptance of the death of Europe, since they are not willing to initiate the steps upon which European survival depends.

Yet there remain in Europe many millions in whom the will to European survival is not faded, however its expression may have been frustrated by the artificial, unreal political structure that has straddled Europe during recent years. Some of them are organized, or beginning to organize, though often in curious ways. Others are isolated, sometimes bitter individuals. Some are resting, as if by a collective understanding, on the sidelines, until they have some assurance that action—and sacrifice—shall be to some purpose. The anarchist workers of Belleville, the silent peasants, the engineers and foremen blocked by an outworn economic organization know, better than Paul Reynaud or the ideologues of the Third Force, the catastrophic nature of the European crisis. But they are not willing to respond with action to the men and

parties who have spent the 20th century proving their incompetence.

We ought to turn our eyes toward these millions; we ought to orient American policy on them. Europe has been so battered that it cannot take the initiative toward its revival. This fact was implicit in the proposal and acceptance of the Marshall Plan. In this condition, the voice from the East counsels suicide, the acceptance of death. The problem for the U. S., therefore, is to counter that negation with a clear summons to renewed struggle, and a clear assurance that the struggle is worth making. This summons and assurance must go not merely to ministers and bureaucrats, but to those, even the obscure, in whom the will to European survival is still firm.

THE U. S. must itself announce, implement, and be prepared to enforce the program of revival. Its main outline we here note: the shattering of the Iron Curtain; the unification of Europe; the smashing of communism; and the opening up of the whole world to a period of economic, social, and political advance. The Soviet policy is to maintain and advance the Iron Curtain; to block by every means any moves toward European unification (on any other than a communist basis); to increase the power of communism within every nation; and to prevent non-communist access to ever-widening sections of the world. A program for European revival, consequently, can

only be, in every respect, an anti-Soviet, anti-communist program.

"What is to be expected of Europe?" The U. S. can expect what its leadership calls for. If the U. S. appeases, then to the degree of appeasement, it will contribute to the further deterioration of Europe. If the U. S., under the illusions of a purely defensive policy of containment, drifts with those forces that have neither intelligence nor will-power left for anything more than drift, it may prolong but will not avert Europe's agony. Only if the U. S. accepts responsibility, assumes the initiative, and offers the leadership, will Europe respond creatively. The Europe that today seems like an aged parent who clutters up the house, drains his child's substance, and querulously runs up doctor bills, will again prove a wise counselor, and a brave partner in the building of a new world order.

AMERICAN reasoning seems more or less of this sort: We are now at peace. We aim to "preserve peace." Nevertheless, an "aggressive power" is loose in the world and may start a war. We must be ready to defeat him when the time comes. There is no immediate urgency. Meanwhile, just to keep our fingers crossed, we will, more or less haphazardly, try various moves to preserve peace, and various others to get a better start in the possible war. We will try an alliance here, economic aid there, a protest to that country and \$100 mil-

lion to this, a strengthening of the UN one week and a military mission the next, a withdrawal of troops from one place and rearmament in another, a friendly conference of foreign ministers and a denunciation by the Voice of America, a speech now about Stalin's sincerity, a speech then about the communist scheme of world aggression—in short, whatever seems appropriate in any situation.

We are not unlike a strong man, who, at a bar or a race track, is most of the time good-natured, careless, even stupid, and who allows himself to be kidded and pushed around and cheated; but who does so partly because of his strength, and his confidence that when things go really too far he can whip any man in the crowd.

This attitude is militaristic because it puts its final reliance on military measures. It doesn't matter how many mistakes are made, how many sins of commission and omission. We've got enough atomic bombs to solve all problems. We've never yet prepared sensibly for a war, and we've never lost one. Why should we this time? But this time, after all, may be different, like that final morning before Thanksgiving when the turkey comes for his breakfast corn.

OUR present policy, with no changes except in details, can probably prevent the military defeat of the U. S. for several years, can probably en-

sure that there will be no total war during those years.

However, our present planning cannot stop the communists more than temporarily. Neither can any other plan or policy essentially defensive, which fails to take into account the nature of contemporary war. The communists will not stop until either they are defeated, or they win; and what they aim to win is the world.

The inadequacy of the present policy and planning is summed up in the fact that it leaves the timing to the communists. They have the initiative; we react. The reaction is sometimes effective, but the pace, the control of direction is theirs. Our policy, as a consequence, is determined by theirs. Our policy is supposed to be diametrically opposed to theirs, yet they select the issues, the field, and even the mood of combat.

The dependence of our policy on theirs has been continuously proved since 1945. While their diplomatic rhetoric was friendly (in form), ours was wooingly effusive in both form and substance. After they turned to denunciation, we, reluctantly and long after, began using a few harsh adjectives. They invade Greece, and we try to defend Greece. They break off foreign ministers' conferences, and we cease holding them. They ask for a new foreign ministers' conference; we attend. They carry on a war in China, and we "review our Far Eastern policy." They say we

are warmongering imperialists; we reply apologetically that we want only peace and friendship. They demand half the Austrian economy, and we beg them to be content with the oil fields, the Danubian shipping, and enough reparations to keep Austria permanently bankrupt. They say that we have a "kept, hireling press," and we draw up jointly with them (in the UN) a document on how to keep the press free. They suggest that they would like to do business, and we announce that they are "sincere"; they declare that "imperialism" must be destroyed, and we discover a "split in the Politburo." They carry out programs of genocide in the Baltics, Bessarabia, and Soviet Georgia, and we beat our breasts over the Negro problem. They exterminate, within their borders, all suspected sympathizers with the West, and we, in the U. S. or Japan or the American zone of Germany or Hawaii or Puerto Rico, grant communists full democratic rights. They provoke a situation in the East Indies that could be handled only by military action, and we shut off credits to the Dutch. They stage great strikes in France and Italy; we pay for them.

IF THE pattern continues, we will have granted them the decision and the timing for total armed war. Presumably they would not select the moment that would offer their opponent his most favorable chances for winning.

The communists are committed to a struggle for world domination. They will continue their struggle until they either reach it or are defeated. At the same time, it is certain that the U. S. will not passively accept communist domination. How will the U. S. fight, and when?

The real effect of our present plans is to make a total armed war inevitable. The communists will continue their present informal war, which a policy of containment can delay but not block. Sooner or later, the U. S. will judge that its security is intolerably threatened. This judgment would result from a super-Pearl Harbor engineered by the communists; or it might come from a communist coup in a West European nation, or simply from a sufficient change of mood in U. S. public opinion or military leadership. At that point, the U. S. would fight an all-out war by arms.

Such outcome may be unavoidable in any case, but we ought to set a policy which offers a chance of avoiding it. We must abandon the two assumptions. We must realize that the war is already going on, in a political - subversive - resistance phase. We can then adopt plans seeking to defeat the communists in this present phase. If these plans succeeded, as there is good reason to believe that they could, the present phase of the war would be the last. With its strategic objective—the defeat of communism—obtained "by other means," there would be no

need for any all-out armed conflict.

The major premise of such a policy is recognition of the fact that the D-Day of the 3rd World War has already come and gone.

IN military planning, there is a stressed and valuable precept against underestimating the strength of the enemy. Many battles have been lost from the wishful optimism of eager commanders who have persuaded themselves that the enemy was stupid or slow or undermanned at the decisive spots. It is no less important to know the enemy's weaknesses.

We are much surer about Soviet conditions than we were before the last war. The war permitted a much closer examination than Russia had ever before received. Several millions—German soldiers, Polish, Baltic, and other citizens who were seized by the MVD and later released or who later escaped—have traveled almost everywhere within the Soviet Union, and can now report from firsthand observation. Soviet soldiers have been directly observed beyond their own boundaries. During and since the war, hundreds of thousands of persons from the Soviet Union itself and from the satellite nations have escaped into voluntary exile, and can also report. In addition, official Soviet news sources, even when most heavily propagandized, are, when analytically interpreted, very revealing.

There are signs of economic crisis of considerable severity within the

Soviet Empire, particularly within the satellite nations. One political expression of this crisis was the 1949 Soviet effort to increase the trade of the satellite nations with the outside world.

Few items of the communist myth are more widely believed, among non-communists, than their boast that their economic measures solve the problem of the business cycle and of economic crises. This item is, however, as false as all the others. Their measures do not eliminate economic crises, but merely change, in part, their form. By the use of slave labor and compulsion, they avoid mass unemployment (though not all unemployment); and by suitable subsidies they can prevent mass bankruptcies (as capitalism has also learned, perhaps unwisely, to do). But major economic dislocations have been nevertheless characteristic of the Soviet economy. These have been particularly obvious in fiscal affairs, with a series of intense inflations and sudden, arbitrary deflations. The lack of economic balance, to which I have referred, slows or shuts off factory operations as effectively as a lack of orders. Livestock and crops have disappeared as a result of the Politburo's agricultural policies even more quickly than they do from the vagaries of the "free market." Black markets, free and controlled stores with totally different sets of prices, barter—all permanent features of Soviet economic life—are not symptoms of

economic health. The only sense in which Soviet communism has eliminated the business cycle is by keeping the economy in a nearly continuous crisis.

THE Communist party and youth, within the empire and to some extent throughout the world, seem to be going through a grave theoretical and, one might say, moral crisis. The evidence of this crisis comes from Soviet refugees, party members from non-Soviet nations, intelligence that leaks through the Iron Curtain, and from analysis of published reports of party discussions, decrees, speeches, and so on.

This crisis has nothing to do with the supposed "split in the Politburo," about which there has been so much speculation. No one except its own members knows what goes on in the Politburo. Conceivably it may be split into factions. In the light of the experience of human nature in complex historical situations, this may seem likely. But there is not the smallest shred of positive evidence that it is in fact split. It is a frequently used communist tactic to suggest to enemies that there is a split in the communist leadership. The story is built up that X or Y or Z, Litvinov or Thorez or Mao or Gromyko or Zhukov—or Stalin, is a "good" communist, not like the other "fanatics," and that we can get somewhere by dealing with him. We may even be able to help him against his fanatic opponents. The catch is that the

whole business has been planned in advance. X or Y has been deliberately picked for his warm smile or his quiet voice, and has been specifically instructed to be conciliatory in his manner.

Communists are never "provoked"; if they sometimes seem provoked, that is only a rehearsed bit of acting. Their training includes careful study of the art of provoking others while they themselves remain "objective." The rantings of Vishinsky in the UN, like the courtroom ravings of a Judith Coplon or the loud contempt of the communist defendants before Judge Medina, are all of them acts, put on and off like grease paint.

EXPERIENCE proves the communists are always emboldened to further aggression by friendship, conciliation, or appeasement. Their doctrine interprets such phenomena as signs of "bourgeois weakness" and degeneracy. It is from firmness and power that they yield, retreat, or offer concessions. Arthur Young, the inventor of the helicopter made by the Bell company, told me a perfectly illustrative story. One day, near the end of the war, he was demonstrating his machine to a Soviet general. The general, looking over the controls while the helicopter rested on the ground, began to press certain buttons and switches. Young asked him politely to stop, explaining that he might damage the machine or even wreck it and themselves. The

general paid no attention, and continued. Young made his request sharper, with no effect. He then shouted, "No!" still without results. Finally, very much concerned over what might happen, he hit the general's arm a hard blow that knocked it away from the control panel. The incident ended with that; the general became all smiles and affability.

It would be absurd to hold that all risk of a Soviet armed attack can be eliminated. There is such a risk, of course—no matter what policy and plan we adopt or fail to adopt. That risk, however slight, must always be allowed for. It is not intelligently allowed for by predicating the activation of military forces on some distinctly marked D-Day that may never occur. Rather, the U. S. must be ever ready to commit whatever military force is required by the development of its own plans and the given situation.

Communist leadership, we can be sure, is more acutely aware of their weaknesses than we can be. Some of these weaknesses have characterized the communist regime from the beginning, and are not likely soon to be remedied. However, others, and some most crucial to the success of our struggle, are episodic, and can be overcome.

To cite the most obvious example. In the late summer of 1949 an atomic explosion occurred within the Soviet Union. There is no reason why knowledge of this should occasion

panic. The development of nuclear weapons as a significant military arm requires a good deal more than the ability to produce an atomic explosion. There are also problems of delivery of weapons, their physical control, their detonation (or release), and the manufacture and stockpiling of all their parts on a sufficient scale. "Sufficient," moreover, must mean to the communists a nuclear armament which, when combined with their other weapons, they would think sufficient to defeat the U. S. and its allies. When we recall our enormous advantage—by virtue of our head-start, and of our technical, scientific, and industrial superiority, such sufficiency is quite an order, even for the Politburo. Nevertheless, communist possession of even a few nuclear weapons, together with the means of employing them, appreciably reduces the military odds in our favor; and the possession of a considerable stockpile (even if still much inferior in quantity and quality to the American stockpile), while it would not assure communist victory, would make communist defeat also a catastrophe for the non-communist world. Given time by a conciliatory or merely defensive policy, and a few years is probably enough, the communists will have that stockpile. That is why they followed up the announcement of the atomic explosion by an intensification of the "peace offensive."

There is every reason to suppose that, given time, they will succeed in

solving the problem of the satellite nations—the problem of the relations among several successful communist states, and the correlated theoretical-moral problem. On the practical side, the communists are systematically destroying those persons and groups in the satellite nations who are potential sources of opposition. It is not a work that can be finished in a day. But in the end, if they are allowed to, they will succeed. We must never forget that the communists are capable of anything: no means whatsoever are prohibited if they are thought to be for the end of the revolution; they will, if necessary, kill, torture, and exile to the slave camps of Siberia tens of millions of East Europeans.

It is necessary to understand that the communist empire is today vulnerable, more vulnerable by far than it is generally believed to be. It is necessary also to insist that tomorrow—three years or even two years from now—it may be much less vulnerable, both from having corrected present weaknesses and from having gained additional sources of strength. A survey of the communist weaknesses must not make us complacent. On the contrary, it should prove to us both the opportunity and the need to decide and to act now, while action promises results both victorious and assured.

If the Soviet Empire is weak but may well overcome many of its weaknesses, if it does not yet have

nuclear weapons in usable quantity but within a few years will have, if the issue of communist world domination has got to be settled some time, then what are we waiting for? Why not start what is usually (though, as we have noted, wrongly) called a “preventive war”?

This question is too serious to be left, as it now is, only to closed and private debate. The answer is neither self-evident nor easy.

In the U.S., the idea of striking the first armed blow is morally repellent to most people. I believe that this moral attitude arises out of intellectual confusion. From a strict pacifist standpoint, it naturally follows that it is morally wrong to start the fighting in a war. It also follows that it is morally wrong to fight back if someone else starts. Pacifism, is, therefore, irrelevant to the issue, since pacifism condemns all fighting on every occasion.

The general nonpacifist public seems to feel that a “defensive” war is morally superior to an “offensive” war. The distinction here, however, is not based on objective fact but only on subjective sentiment. From a military point of view, a successful strategy in modern war is always offensive; a defensive strategy is never more than a temporary bridge to the offensive. In terms of historical causation, everyone recognizes that modern wars do not start with the firing of the first shots, but have their source in a whole series of events that mark the developing

conflict between two nations or sets of nations. Thus the question of who fired the first shot could not possibly answer the deeper question of who was, historically speaking, the "aggressor."

The fact is that both sides in a modern war are both "defenders" and "aggressors." Each defends what it takes to be its own interests; and, necessarily, offending, attacks what the other side takes to be its own interests. Otherwise they would not be fighting. Because of this fact the great majority of the people on each side—no matter what has gone on in the military sphere—genuinely and sincerely believes that it is "defending" itself against the "aggressions" of the other side.

These characteristics hold for all modern wars, but the usual distinction between "defensive" and "aggressive" is especially absurd at the present time for the plain reason that the war is already going on. It is no longer a problem of starting a war, but of winning or losing it. The communists have the objective of world domination. From the point of view of the non-communist nations, they are therefore already the aggressors. Of course, from the communist point of view, the situation is reversed: those who interfere with the attainment of their objective are the aggressors.

ASSUMING the rejection of absolute pacifism, the question of where and when to shoot is a matter of expedi-

ency. If there is to be war in any case, it is hard to comprehend why a war is morally better because it is more difficult, longer, more cruel and costly and bloody. A quick war, it seems to me, is better than a long one; an easy war, than a hard one.

The problem is not abstract. There are few today who would not agree that when Hitler's troops marched into the Rhineland, it was those—few alas—who urged an immediate attack who were morally, as well as militarily, superior to the deciding many who waited for the offensive against Poland and Pearl Harbor.

In the present case, moreover, we can be almost certain that if the U.S. launched an immediate full-scale attack, it would be able to win a military victory. This, too, is morally not unimportant. That the Confederate leaders attacked Fort Sumter was not their worst crime; what was morally most reprehensible was that they took their people into a war in which they had no reasonable expectation of victory. They condemned their people not merely to suffer and die, but die in vain.

So much for the historical and moral issue. Whether or not to begin a full military war is a problem of expediency. If so, we must determine whether such an act is in truth expedient, now. It seems to me that it is not, for the following reasons: 1. It is an obvious duty to hold off from a total armed conflict so long as there is a reasonable chance, even

a very small chance, that the crisis may be solved, and the necessary objective attained, without that conflict. Such a chance is offered if the U.S. undertakes the prosecution of an offensive political-subversive war as the means for gaining its objective.

2. Even if we cannot thereby prevent an eventual total armed conflict, we can, by intelligent and vigorous action before its onset, make victory both easier and less destructive, materially and socially.

3. The people of the U.S. itself, and of the world as a whole, are at present confused about the nature of the contest with communism. They are badly prepared both for conducting that contest and for utilizing, in a fruitful and positive manner, the future defeat of communism. Political war against communism, if properly waged, is a method not only for weakening and perhaps defeating communism, but for educating non-communists. The methods of prosecuting the political war are also methods of preparing the personnel, minds, attitudes, and structures which can fill the vacuums that will be left by the collapse of the communist empire, and which can serve in the organization of a workable world order. Political-subversive war against communism now, rather than immediate all-out armed attack, thus not only assures victory, but assures also that the victory will be worth winning.

These three arguments seem to me

sufficient to demand a decision against an immediate total attack. But though sufficient today, they may not be as the situation changes. If, for example, the Soviet Union should devise a way of making quickly and on a mass scale nuclear or other weapons of mass destruction; or if the Soviet Empire should be driven through to the Atlantic, or should get and begin to enlarge an important foothold in South or Central America, the decision might have to be sharply reversed. Such possibilities will be lessened if we adopt and carry out a plan of offensive political warfare. That is another and a powerful reason in favor of such a plan. Such a plan is, indeed, the only rational alternative to immediate armed attack.

LET it be repeated: any action or no action, in the period ahead, entails the risk of general war. Because the action is firm it does not follow that the risk is greater. The contrary follows, and is proved by the entire history of American relations with the communists, not only during the years since 1945 but since the beginning. The demonstrated law is: the firmer the action, the less the risk; the firmer the action, the better the results. Yielding, compromise, conciliation, always and invariably result in increased communist boldness, increased demands, further aggressions. Faced with firmness, with genuine and sustained firmness, they retreat.

There is an additional and profound potential weakness, which I have briefly touched on, inherent in what might be called the dynamics of communism. A totalitarian enterprise is by its nature highly unstable. Once well under way, it cannot stand still, it cannot even move equably. It must retain the initiative. It must keep the political and social situation in a perpetual turmoil: starting gigantic plans, and beginning new gigantic plans before the first are finished (which they never indeed are) or well begun; purging and counterpurging; turning diplomatic heat on with threats of war, and off with promises of peace; seeking always to upset, unbalance, confuse its opponents; starting united fronts and breaking them; winning victories in this field and triumphs in that. Its leadership cannot make mistakes, must be infallible. There is a totalitarian rhythm which must be sustained. And since totalitarianism is always at a fever pitch, always on a war footing, always keyed taut, it lacks, relatively, the reserves that are at the disposal of a system which is looser, less tempestuous.

This same dynamic law of the expansion of the totalitarian enterprise has its fatal inverse. If the initiative is lost, if the leadership not only errs but fails in actions too notorious to be hidden or ideologized away, if the fierce rhythm is broken, if the opponents are not unbalanced but cool and determined,

then the totalitarian current can reverse. With the same impetus it will sweep smashingly back through the whole monstrous structure. Just as the totalitarian victories are cumulative in their force, each preparing and easing the next, so are the failures—whether Hitler's in the past or the Kremlin's in the future. A positive and unmistakable anti-communist victory—not a merely negative, defensive victory as in Greece or Berlin—could start a process of disintegration that would astound the most sanguine.

How long have we to reach the objective? An answer in exact dates cannot be given. We must conclude, unfortunately: not long, not many years. The condition of the answer is simply the following: the communist power must be reduced to relative impotence before it succeeds in accumulating a sufficient quantity of the weapons of mass destruction, and of the means for delivering those weapons. A plan of action such as I have here discussed is not an end in itself, nor can it be left suspended in a temporal void. The plan is a means to an end, an objective; it seeks a decision, must be realized in time. The plan, therefore—not merely the plan of political-subversive operations, but the whole plan, projected in every relevant field—must point toward a time of decision, a time not known exactly in advance, but which can be approximated by an estimate subject to correction by new evidence. If the

decision is reached by the methods which can be, and I think will be, meanwhile used, then the problem which gives birth to the plan is solved. If the problem still remains unsolved when the time limit approaches, then the decision must still come by other means.

IF we weigh in a static balance the results achieved between 1946 and 1949, in the struggle for the world, we shall record a net gain for the communists. The Chinese addition much exceeds the half-loss of Yugoslavia, and the many other items pretty well cancel each other out. A static balance, however, is not a proper instrument for historical measurement. History is temporal, dynamic; it is the direction, the trend that counts. Two men who are at the level of the 60th floor of the Empire State building are not in identical condition if one is rising in an elevator, and the other has just jumped off the parapet. In a pneumonia patient, the meaning of a body temperature of 104° depends upon whether the patient is getting well, or dying.

Dynamically considered, the years 1946-49 show a net trend against the communists. The principal cause of this reversal of trend has been the change in the attitude and policy of the U.S. I once more insistently repeat that the present policy of the U.S. is inadequate; but I again also repeat that the direction of change of U.S. policy since 1946 is correct:

correct, that is to say, in relation to the world power equilibrium. Both halves of this estimate are essential to its truth; either alone is a falsification.

Though the change in U. S. policy is the principal factor, an analogous change has also, in varying degrees, taken place elsewhere. The anti-communist resistance has begun hardening on a world scale, as when the body begins forming an indurated wall against an advancing abscess, or a loose spring, so easily pushed at first, begins to assert its latent tension.

Will the present trend continue?

WILL the objective be attained—if not the wider objective of a democratic world order, at least the narrower and specific objective of the defeat of world communism?

The entire question turns on politics, on the quality of the political leadership. Assuming the continuing superiority of communist politics, we may ask: can political strength overcome all the other relative weaknesses? On the evidence of history, we must answer that, if the disparity is great enough, it can. This is proved by the history of almost all tribes, races, peoples, or nations which started (as all groups must) from little and went on to greatness.

The problem then can be reduced to the question: will our politics improve? I refer to our international politics; our ward-heeling politics

are much too good as they now are.

Political ability is a synthesis of knowledge (partly native talent, or intuitive knowledge), intelligence, and will. Presumably the amount of intelligence and native talent distributed among us is on the average equal to the Russians. (Mendelian principles are still permissible for a bourgeois analyst, though they lead to the concentration camp in the Soviet Union.) Our knowledge about matters relevant to the present political struggle is increasing, and will certainly continue to increase. The crux, then, is in the will. Does the U.S. choose to win? Can it make the necessary decision? Is it going to have, at the required tension, the will to survive?

To try to answer this question for myself was among the motives that led me to take, in 1948-49, a slow, 20,000-mile trip through the U.S. Once you are out of the often brilliant but ingrown intellectual circles of the northeastern seaboard, which draw their spiritual fuel from Europe and the Soviet Union rather than from America, and whose members have for the most part never seen a factory in Detroit, an oil well in Texas, chemical works at Beaumont, not these nor the people who man them; once you are looking at America and not reading about it, your direct impression becomes gradually too clear for inter-

pretative doubt. Some of the symptoms magnified by the theorists of decadence are undoubtedly there. They are seen in context to be signs, not of melancholia and cynical old age, but of disturbed and disturbing adolescence. The U.S. is not, not by centuries, ready to quit. The U.S. is, in Mackinder's meaning, a going concern; and a young concern. It may be that Western civilization as a whole is old and decadent—relatively old, that is to say, on the vast time scale of the histories of civilizations. An impressive case has been made out by Spengler and Toynbee. If so, the U.S. is the youngest child of Western civilization, its Joseph, who has not only his own manhood ahead, but the chance through his strength to revivify his parent. The death even of civilizations as a whole is not decreed by any unchallengeable court. Civilizations die, in truth, only by suicide.

The uneasiness of the U.S. is not that of the awareness of death, but, rather, the tormenting pause before the leap into maturity. The will to exist and to advance is powerfully there, though for the moment in partial suspension. Because it is there, the suspension will be, sooner or later, resolved. The political question will be answered; the objective, attained: at greater cost, perhaps, and with greater delay and suffering than need be; but attained it will be.



Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Carrel, Alexis. *THE VOYAGE TO LOURDES*. New York: Harper. 52 pp. \$1. Detailed, dramatic description of a cure witnessed at Lourdes by agnostic physician. This personal experience set the author of *Man, the Unknown* on his way back to belief.

THE CATHOLIC BOOKLIST, 1950; Ed. for the Catholic Library Assn. by Sister Stella Maris, O.P., St. Catharine, Ky.: St. Catharine Junior college. 74 pp., paper, 65¢. Handy reference for individuals and parish and club librarians. Specialists have made the choices in each field.

Connolly, Myles. *THE BUMP ON BRANNIGAN'S HEAD*. New York: Macmillan. 157 pp. \$2.50. Experimental good act by the violent Mr. Brannigan sets up a chain reaction that involves all Whittiersville.

Da Cruz, J. *MORE ABOUT FATIMA*; Tr. by V. Montes de Oca. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. 127 pp., illus., paper. 30¢. Full story of the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin in Portugal in 1917, the renewed religious life there, and a world call to penance to avert war.

Guevremont, Germaine. *THE OUTLANDER*; Tr. by Eric Sutton. New York: Whittlesey House. 290 pp. \$3. Compelling French-Canadian novel of farm life in Quebec Province. Impact of a stranger on set customs of a little community.

MEASURE: *a Critical Journal*. Chicago: H. Regnery Co. (20 W. Jackson Blvd.) Quarterly; \$3.50 a year. New periodical dedicated to intellectual, moral, artistic and social problems from a standpoint of realistic humanism. John U. Nef, Etienne Gilson, and Prime Minister Nehru of India contribute to the first issue.

MENTAL PRAYER AND MODERN LIFE; *a Symposium*. New York: Kenedy. 202 pp. \$2.75. Various writers cover the history of ideas on prayer and the amount of system that is useful. Show how the day's work, prayers in the Missal, and events in Christ's life can help every person keep his joys and concerns laid before God.

Rice, D. Talbot. *BYZANTINE PAINTING, and Developments in the West before A.D. 1200*. Forest Hills, N. Y.: Transatlantic Arts. 32 pp., 37 plates. \$2.75. Byzantine art dominated the whole Eastern Christian world from the 6th to the 16th centuries: from Egypt around the Mediterranean to Sicily, and North into Russia. Good reproductions.

Standen, Anthony. *SCIENCE IS A SACRED COW*. New York: Dutton, 221 pp. \$2.75. Chemist shows limits of scientific measurement to answer questions outside field of physics. Scientist should relinquish the robes of philosopher, preacher, and prophet.

Wees, Marshall P., and Francis Beauchesne Thornton. *KING-DOCTOR OF ULITHI*. New York: Macmillan. 128 pp. \$2.50. Navy doctor sent to Pacific island to cure epidemic finds splendid Catholic civilization, is made king by grateful natives.

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